

CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JULY 14, 1939

TEN CENTS

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TWO ORGAN RECITALS BY JOHN McDONALD LYON, AND FOUR MORNING LECTURES BY ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

CARMEL'S FIFTH ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL

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Played nightly at the opening of the concerts by the Stewarts, father and three sons.



Camera Study by Sybil Anekeyev

WE EXTEND THE READY PALMS OF OUR HEARTS TO THIS GREAT MUSIC; WE WARMLY GREET THOSE WHO HAVE COME TO HEAR IT

*"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."*

By LYNDA SARGENT

I HAVE just come thirty miles along the indescribably beautiful San Simeon Highway in the dawn to try and frame these words of greeting from THE CYMBAL to the Fifth Bach Festival of Carmel. Most warmly we welcome those many we already know and as warmly those who are new to us this year. We extend the ready palms of our hearts and minds to the great music. We smile upon our friends, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous, and wish them most well of this endeavor.

As I came out of my house, the morning was greening down the sky over Marble Peak and the sun had laid three tender golden fingers on the little crests of Mount Manuel in sweet blessing of the coming day. The mountain that lives up above me, lying on her side and gazing down Mule Canyon to the sea, was deep in purple pools of sleep. The great redwoods, like fugues with their straight thematic bodies, climbed the shadowy canyons in the foreglow, repeating their requited morning prayer. Away to north and to south, the sea had laid a breakfast table for the day, with small white plates and dainty cups along her extentless damask cover.

And suddenly all together out of the mystic sleep of mine and hers, the morning burst in fullest symphony and I was shaken by an ecstasy that this could be so and I have eyes to see it so. But by a

greater exultance that also man can make music.

And as I saw the great hills move like people in their stately matutinal gavotte and heard the reedlike notes of some small waking bird, it seemed to me that everywhere on hill and sea I saw the marching of the notes of a tremendous score and saw them walking like human people over the earth.

Then it came to me that whoever the performers in the Bach Festival are, and with whatever excellence they transmute the notes on the page to our anxious ears, there will be no common men and women on Ocean Avenue that have not, walking alongside hand-in-hand, the person of the B minor Mass, the three Branenburgs, the Overtures and Fantasias; "Phoebus and Pan" leaving cloven footprints in our fogs, and the whole parade of living creatures created of that vast imaginative genius, so that doubtless they would walk upright in the sight of Sebastian Bach and their voices be far more real than Usigli's and Frankenstein's.

The great Italian Concerto, for instance, which Madame Ehlers will perform on the harpsichord on Monday night's program, is a conversation between two people—a tutti and a concertino—and if you listen carefully to this brilliant piece, you will hear them talk, one shadowy and low, the other in virtuososo argument. Bach always had a theme to develop, a point to make and in everything we hear of his we hear his folk in earnest debate.

The Italian Concerto, conceived on a simple thesis, grows into a magnificently complex duet between two magnificently simple and understandable people. What Bach had to argue here, aside from pure music, is for us to translate each into his own idiom, each to suit his peculiar debate with life, just as the wind, blowing the long grasses up the swift sides of my mountain so that she answers him back with a tremendous moving rhythm, reaches into me and touches my own strings, plucking them to a tune that I alone can know.

Sometimes Bach speaks in dance tunes, as in the overtures. When Mendelssohn played to old Goethe the Overture in G Major, which opens the Festival program, the great poet closed his eyes and men and women came up before him. I thought, he said, that I saw a number of well-dressed people walking in a stately fashion down a great staircase.

And when he wrote the six Concertos for the Margrave of Brandenburg, he put into something vastly better than words, the last and deepest philosophy of man. In them are the arguments of Plato and Aristotle, of Hegel and Nietzsche, of all the thinkers who, in the farthest reaches of their searching minds find ever and ever again the resolution of one idea finally into its opposite. "We really seem to see before us," Schweitzer says, "what the philosophy of all ages conceives as the fundamental

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Johann Sebastian Bach Identified All Through His Life With Playing and Composition of Church Music

By JOHN McDONALD LYON

With the exception of the period between 1717 and 1723 when he served as Capellmeister to the Court of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, Johann Sebastian Bach was identified throughout his life with the church and with the composition and performance of church music. In no phase of his music is this fact so overwhelmingly apparent as in the vocal and choral works. The instrumental music, with the exception of the organ chorale preludes, is largely unclassifiable as secular or sacred music. It is mainly music for music's own sake. But in the case of the vocal and choral works, the vast majority were written for the church service. The composition of church cantatas was a part of Bach's regular routine, and the production of secular cantatas was not regularly on the list of his official duties. Thus, his work in this field was spasmodic and his output meagre. Only about 40 titles of such works are known, and of these only about 20 complete scores are in existence.

Bach's lack of productivity as regards secular cantatas may also have been due in part to his somewhat contemptuous attitude toward the Opera of his day. He had no connection with Opera in Leipzig, and at Dresden his attitude was one which has been described by Charles Sanford Terry as "tolerant of its inanities." It is known that he used to preface a journey by inquiring of his son, "Friedemann, shall we not go and hear the pretty little Dresden songs again?" Bach's whole make-up was deeply serious, his attitude toward his art one of the most profound earnestness. Therefore nearly all the secular cantatas were either commissioned tributes to royalty or nobility, to dignitaries

of church, state or school, embellishments of fancy weddings, or music incidental to public ceremonies. These he was commissioned to write (sometimes being provided with a text that was anything but good), and he turned them out to the best of his ability, like the true craftsman that he was.

Two secular cantatas, however, fail to fall into this category—the "Coffee Cantata" and "Phoebus and Pan." Bach wrote them because he wanted to, not to embellish some ceremony, and both works show the Cantor of the Thomaskirche with his waistcoat loosened, his shoes off, and his peruke hanging on a peg. Terry classes them as "satyrical operettas." "Phoebus and Pan," though lacking the overflow of exuberant good humor of the "Coffee Cantata," is musically the better work of the two. The text was supplied by Picander (Christian Friedrich Henrici), the poet who was Bach's principal librettist, and the cantata was performed by the Leipzig Collegium Musicus in 1731.

Of all the secular works of Bach, "Phoebus and Pan" gives the most complete insight into his attitude toward secular music uncontaminated by the often preposterous claims of ceremonial occasions. It gives an intimate and gratifying insight into Bach's choice of subjects for musical treatment.

In the case of "Phoebus and Pan," some of Bach's biographers, notably Parry and Schweitzer, have been struck by the somewhat superficial parallel between it and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The characters are Phoebus (Apollo), Pan, Momus, Mercury and Midas. The dramatic little plot, of course, is taken from Greek mythology.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

The Carmel Cymbal
FIFTH ANNUAL
BACH FESTIVAL EDITION
July 14, 1939 - 10 Cents
Edited by
LYNDA SARGENT

**Those Who Direct,
Sing and Play in
The Festival**

GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, Lecturer
JOHN McDONALD LYON, Organist

VOCAL SOLOISTS

Alice Mock, soprano
Lou McIlvain, soprano
Belva Kibler, contralto
Russell Horton, tenor
Robert Kidder, tenor
Sten Englund, bass
Edwin Dunning, bass
Noel Sullivan, bass

INSTRUMENTAL SOLOISTS

Alice Ehlers, harpsichord
Ary Van Leeuwen, flute
Michel Penha, cello
Robert Pollak, violin
Ralph Linsley, piano
Sumner Prindle, piano
Douglas Thompson, piano
Herbert Van den Berg, viola
William Emery, viola
Helen Mead Little, flute
Alfred Regeth, clarinet
Eugene Noyes, oboe

THE ORCHESTRA

DORIS BALLARD, Concertmaster
1st Violins

Dennis Hannan, former member
Seattle Symphony Orchestra, scholarship pupil, Queen Anne Institute of Music, Fontainebleau

Gladys Long, former member
Denver Symphony Orchestra, pupil of Piastro and Borisoff

Paul Lanini, honor student San
Jose State College

Bette McClintock, concertmaster
of Wilhelm Van den Berg's San
Francisco Preparatory Orchestra

Karen Tuttle, violinist from Berkeley

Berdice Metherell, student Pacific
Grove Summer School
2nd Violins

Albert Pucinelli, well-known San
Francisco violinist and violist, pupil
of Nathan Firestone

Hugo Rinaldi, gifted violinist
from San Rafael, playing for the
fourth year with the Festival

Jean Pomeroy, Fresno student
Adeline Mignano, Monterey Union
High School honor student

Katherine Beaton, Carmel violinist
Violas

Herbert Van den Berg, 1st viola
with the St. Louis Symphony (story
on page 10)

Marjorie Currell, honor graduate
San Jose State College

Harvey Taylor, from Salinas
Cellos

George Richardson, first cello
Pasadena Civic Orchestra

Alix Brown, graduate Institute of
Musical Arts and soloist of note and
former faculty member Curtis Institute

William Emery, teacher in San
Francisco

Jean Grouch, outstanding cello
student of San Jose State College
(story on page 12)

Max Hagemeyer, of Carmel and
student at San Jose State College

Beth Sheppard
Double Basses

Vincent Duckles, of New York
Warren Thomas, honor student
San Jose State College

Flutes

Helen Mead Little, soloist (story
(Continued on Page Five)

B MINOR MASS—A GREAT FAITH

By ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

It would, of course, be a grotesque exaggeration to say that Bach wrote the B minor Mass because a harassed young musician spanked some choir-brats who richly deserved such treatment, but that little episode, small and sordid and unimportant as it may seem, is one of the elements which go to make up the background of this colossus among religious compositions.

We have by now outgrown that view of Bach as a schoolman, academician and textbook composer which for so long stood between Bach's music and the world. Yet the true picture, of a man tragically ill-adjusted to his age and place, is by no means as generally accepted as it should be. The B minor Mass is one extremely important document—in fact, Exhibit A—in the case for this point of view.

In 1736 Bach was 50 years of age, and had for nine years been cantor of the school of St. Thomas in Leipzig, a position he was destined to hold until his death in 1750. That he was cantor of St. Thomas's for 27 extremely productive years does not signify that he was especially happy during that quarter century, as the flogging episode of 1736 and what happened afterward very clearly show.

The choir school of St. Thomas served, as did all the many institutions of its kind at that period, a double purpose. Its major purpose was to train boy singers for the services in the principal churches of the town. Secondly it provided these children with general and religious education. The religious teachers, because of their semi-ecclesiastical office, were placed in a position of higher authority than the cantor, who was in charge of the musical activities of the school. Yet the work of the cantor was the major reason for the school's existence, and his subordinate position was therefore a source of constant friction and jealousy or prerogative.

In the case of Bach this friction was increased through the composer's unorthodox leanings, both professionally and theologically. He was cantor of St. Thomas's, but he refused to be merely and solely that. He still held appointments as court composer to various princes and declined to be bound exclusively to his cantorial duties. His religious views, likewise, refused to confine themselves within legally constituted boundaries. He was inclined to associate himself with the pietist rather than the orthodox wing of Lutheranism, yet was repelled by the puritan, anti-artistic, aspect of the pietist movement.

The authorities of the school and church, orthodox in religious belief, tyrannical in their insistence upon keeping the composer from functioning outside the scope of his appointed office, were therefore constantly at war with Bach, whose surpassing genius was by no means apparent to them. The little flogging episode of 1736 brought matters to a head. A certain prefect, or assistant conductor, named Krause, took it upon himself to punish some choir boys who had acted outrageously at a public function. Bach approved his action. Ernesti, rector of the school, did not approve, and removed Krause from office. Ernesti ordered another young musician to take Krause's place. Bach refused to submit to this change, and there ensued a nasty little squabble in which rector and cantor countermanded each other's commands and the discipline of the school went to pieces.

The ultimate decision went against Bach, and ever afterward his position at St. Thomas's was

solitary, lonely, and aloof. As a result he made repeated efforts, if not to find a position elsewhere, at least to find favor in the eyes of patrons more exalted and perhaps more understanding than the burghers of Leipzig.

Hence, therefore, the five masses which Bach sent to the Elector of Saxony, who, in order to become King of Poland, had embraced the Catholic faith. (The Elector's Polish connections, by the way, explain why Bach frequently wrote polonaises, such as the one in the B minor suite.) Yet Bach was too practical a musician to gamble on the composition of masses that had only a very slim chance of being performed at the Elector's Catholic court. (Actually they were never performed there, and the copies Bach gave to another Catholic nobleman in Bohemia were tied around the trees in that great lord's garden to protect them from caterpillars.) Composed essentially for the Catholic liturgy, they still were useful in the Lutheran service, and such performances as they may have had in Bach's lifetime were at Bach's own St. Thomas's.

Lutheranism in Bach's time encouraged, or at least did not frown upon, local variations in its liturgy. The standard Lutheran mass of the period did not involve the five musical movements—Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei—of the Catholic mass, but traditionally employed only the first two. Leipzig, however, permitted the occasional use, as detached, irregular portions of special holiday services, of the remaining three sections. It is by no means accidental, therefore, that in Bach's original manuscript of the B minor Mass, the Kyrie and Gloria are bound together and called, by themselves, a Mass, while

each of the other divisions of the work is bound separately, with no indication of relationship to anything else. In other words, Bach would seem to have written the Kyrie and Gloria at the same time, a Lutheran mass for a Catholic patron, and at later periods composed a detached Credo, Sanctus and Agnus, probably for use at Leipzig.

This helps to explain why the work as a whole is so gigantic, and because so large, completely useless as a unit for the liturgy of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Bach apparently regarded the B minor Mass from the practical point of view not as one work but as three, each section by itself useful for festival service, but as a whole transcending the limits of practical worship. Yet there is also unity of key and treatment and material in these three separate compositions, indicating in Bach's mind the in-

tention of creating also an enormous concert mass, detached from liturgical limitations and connotations, treating the text from the point of view of its universal implications.

And so the work is both Catholic and Protestant, sacred and secular, liturgical and profane. You can look at it in any one of those ways, but it is best to regard it as the sum and essence of them all.

Bach never wrote an opera, so far as is known, partly because he never wanted to and partly because he spent his life in communities where opera was not generally practiced. His large scale religious works, the Passions and the B minor Mass, are his operas. As I shall try to show in my lecture on the Mass, Bach's attitude toward the text is pre-eminently dramatic, descriptive and pictorial. The diffused, ethereal, unearthly atmosphere
(Continued on Page Ten)

Helene Vye

A Collection of Clothes
of Spirit and Distinction
for Carmel Women

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Gastone Usigli, Famous Conductor, Again Leads Carmel's Bach Festival

Someone called him, reviewing one of his concerts during the past winter, "that little giant, Usigli."

This seems to us so true a description of the man that we should really like to leave it there. Implicit in the phrase, of course, is the rise to gianthood; the quarter of a century of bitterly driving labor, attended, to be sure, by more than usual success, but also by the heart-break of the true artist to whom perfection is the only possible end and man the only medium at hand by which to accomplish it.

Perhaps in his whole career of distinguished achievements—as conductor, composer, performer—no project has challenged his patience, his integrity, his endurance, more than the Carmel Bach Festival. Accustomed to a large and professional group of musicians, he has here taken the local material in hand, working furiously and demanding with eager amateurs and frightened beginners. And miraculously, with these he has bent his genius to accomplish an almost mystic bond; a bond that is warm with human understanding and cold with the will to bring out in his chorus and orchestra a great deal more than they

knew they had; indeed, perhaps more than they had. If you have been privileged, as we, to attend rehearsals, you have seen a magnetic force at work which has been best described by William James: He who can make no effort is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero... (and) ... the deepest question that is ever asked admits of no reply but the dumb turning of the will and the tightening of our heartstrings as we say, "Yes, I will even have it so!"

Mr. Usigli, whose work since he left success and fame in his native Italy to labor on the upledding west coast has been hailed by all the superlatives, is compared by men like Frankenstein to men like Stokowsky. But it is more important to know of any artist that he has not only "arrived" but that he is also on the way up. Eloquence and malleability are terms in growth, and as the Carmel Festival attains stature, it is hoped that for many years we shall be able to witness here, annually, the phenomenon of the giant amongst us, through whose taller eyes we shall be able to see over otherwise inscurable horizons.

HISTORY OF THE BACH FESTIVAL

Carmel's Fifth Annual Bach Festival—Denny-Watrous management. Surely, back in their San Francisco studio in 1922, Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous had no presentiment of this, nor of the notable years of concert and theater work that preceded it.

In 1922 Dene and Hazel were giving up the huge studio that was the attic ballroom of the old Arthur Fiske mansion on Hayes street. It had been built by San Francisco's former postmaster to entertain President Taft and his party on their way to the Philippines. Up the three flights of winding, red-carpeted stairs had climbed many of the great, the near great and the gently appreciative, for the studio was opened evenings to artists and to musicians, and to all friends of artists and musicians. They put on puppet shows, too. It was a huge room. Many windows overlooked the bay. There were two grand pianos. There was a roof-garden and a glassed-in conservatory. And here, all unaware, was the very beginning of their impresario work.

But they thought they'd go to New York. Dene, definitely identi-

fied with the modern music group now and with several concerts to her credit—Hazel, an expert in color and design and becoming more and more interested in theater, particularly costume and stage design. Dene, by the way, has nothing less than a master's degree from the University of California, but she keeps her sheepskin hidden away in the same old trunk in which her Phi Beta Kappa key is casually filed, along with the rest of her college memories.

But they didn't go to New York. They went to Carmel first for a six weeks' rest, and that proved fatal.

One of the first things with which they were definitely identified in Carmel was The Theatre of The Golden Bough which they leased from Ted Kuster. Activity here included the production of 18 plays and more than a dozen concerts. The year after they gave it up the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores street was opened.

The old Denny-Watrous Gallery! It wasn't so very long ago, but it seems so sadly a part of the life of Carmel that has vanished forever. It filled such a definite



niche, and I think that most of us are many times physically conscious of the emptiness of that niche. Nothing has replaced it.

There were some notable art exhibitions held there. The Orozco show, for instance, and the "Blue Four," a modernist exhibit from Europe. Johan Hagemeyer used to like to show his camera portraits

there. The light was excellent. Artists liked to give concerts there, delightfully intimate ones, for the acoustics were good. No doubt memory has idealized the place for us somewhat, but I can't remember a lecture that wasn't a particularly interesting one. There was a special flavor to the place. There were books to pick up and peruse, port-

folios of etchings to mull over. It was here that Galt Bell's "The" (Continued on Page Thirteen)



This is a unique characteristic of Bach—the years have no effect on the artist in him. At fifty he can write as youthful music as at twenty-five. —SCHWEITZER

Those Who Direct, Sing and Play

(Continued from Page Four) on page 12)

Huston Harmon, of Carmel

Clarinets
Alfred Regeth, on faculty Pacific Grove Summer School, soloist in the Brandenburg II Thursday night

Roger Nixon, student

Oboes
Eugene Noyes, professional oboe player of Los Angeles
E. C. Simonsen

Bassoon
Kenneth Dodson, teacher from Martinez, member Pacific Grove Summer School faculty

Continuo
Ralph Linsley, Festival pianist (story on page 15)

THE CHORUS

Sopranos • Lou McIlvain, Two from San Francisco Opera to be announced, Hazel Ridemour Braunton, Cheryl Cheek, Helen Locatelli, Frances Passaileigue, Hazelle A. Smith, Jean Stanley, Beverley Doug-

las, Elise Beaton, Helen Coolidge, Dorothy Allaire, Gail Johnson, Lucile Wirth, Dorothy Wirth, M. Eleanor Eddy, Marigold Gulick, Gladys Young

Altos • M. Frances Wild, Marjorie Albee, Pauline Timbers, Martha Rice, Agnes Russell Shipley, Alice Crouch, Irene Sutton, Alicia Unger, Camilla Daniels, Iva Dee Hiatt, Gloria Bond, Jean Morton, Dorothy Smith, Margaret Hartigan, Maryan Neubauer Crowe, Edda Heath Pappel

Tenors • Robert Kidder, Two from San Francisco Opera to be announced, William Workman, Arthur Fogg, Ralph Richard Rosso, Paul A. Johnson

Basses • Edwin Dunning, Edward Wellman, Louis Allaire, William Bishop, Lou Harrison, Dr. Howard Clark, Everett Smith, Edward C. Hopkins, Carl Bensberg



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ALICE MOCK



Flinging up the banner of joyous and consecrated living which saturates the works of Bach throughout, the voice of Alice Mock, whom we all know and love, will fittingly help to inaugurate the Festival week. The first cantata to be sung this year, the *Praise Our God*, at the conclusion of Monday night's program, is the right vehicle for this voice which is, in itself, the embodiment of a grand and rapturous thanks-giving. The finest coloraturas such as Miss Mock's are all too often bent to frivolous uses. Yet no other voice quite conveys the reach of passion and its fundaments with which all Bach's music is informed and it is to her great credit that Miss Mock has seen fit to dedicate her voice to these higher employments.

To the all-comprehensive range of her experience in grand opera and concert work, where her voice has been heralded universally as one of the most exquisitely satisfying,

both as lyric and coloratura soprano, of our time, Miss Mock has been busy adding laurels from the radio and motion pictures, those twin essentials of contemporary experience. But she has not neglected the concert stage and of a recent recital given in San Francisco, Alfred Frankenstein of the *Chronicle* said: She is the happy possessor of a fine, full-bodied soprano. . . . Her Handel and Bach had dignity and power, her Debussy the requisite tragic, lyric feeling, her Ravel the genuine note of the exotic.

To the singing of such parts as the *Et Incarnatus Est* in the B minor Mass, which she will repeat this year, Miss Mock brings the invaluable gift of a rich personal experience, of purity of heart and musicianship, of that insistent and persistent youth in maturity which means that what she intends she ardently does; that out of the rosy flesh she and Bach accomplish a transubstantiation.

JOHN McDONALD LYON

The singular combination of beauty and scholarship which marked out last year's organ recitals as startlingly bright experiences, will come to us again this year from the same artist, John McDonald Lyon, organist and choirmaster at St. James' Cathedral, Seattle.

Excelling pupil of Marcel Dupre and Louis Vierne, student of the work of Bach, passionately zealous for the good name of his calling, a musician calibrated to the performances of these consummate organ masterpieces, Mr. Lyon comes back as one of the most highly valued of the Festival cast.

He announces with humility that this year he will play, with much hesitation for the smallness of our organ, "one of that little group of three or four organ works which far and away surpass any of the others"—the *Prelude and Fugue in B minor*. This colossal monument to tranquility and power alone should command our attendance at the organ recitals.



It is an interesting psychological observation that in the Bach family the gift for painting went along with that for music. —SCHWEITZER



The poetic significance of Bach's chorale-pieces is only fully seen when the choir sings not the melody but the text, emphasizing not the melodic accents but the words that Bach has so strongly—sometimes even too strongly—underlined in his harmonies. The more we examine these chorales, the more we become conscious of the suppressed passion of expression there is in them, to which there is no parallel anywhere in literature.

—SCHWEITZER

SONS OF BACH

The Tuesday evening program this year will inaugurate a policy which is sure to bring a great deal of favorable attention—that of departing, on one night of the Festival week, from the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. This year the departure takes the form of one whole concert devoted to the music of Bach's sons. The work of three of them is represented—Johann Christian, the London Bach; Wilhelm Friedemann, the brilliant but reprobate oldest son; and Carl Philipp Emanuel, who has given us the greatest contribution, generally speaking, of any of the children.

With Johann Sebastian Bach, an epoch came to an end. His fertile and ever freshening mind took the forms the preceding centuries had laid down for him and endowed them forever with life, making them as they were not before, great and beautiful and moving. He did not fashion new premises any more in his music than in his religion, but to both he gave heart and soul as few men ever have.

But the old faiths were moving and stuttering and in the next generation—as indeed, in ours, the foundations themselves shifted. With them all art forms began to rearrange.

And it is from this transitional time that we have the music of the sons of Bach.

Haydn! you will say excitedly when you hear the cello concerto by Carl Philipp Emanuel. No. But Haydn himself said that he was influenced toward a whole new line of work by the compositions of Carl Philipp.

Though none of the boys was a really great composer, all studied with their father and all were musicians of distinction. Wilhelm Friedemann might perhaps have achieved something more than competence had he not early in his life begun to dissipate his talents, which were showing promise of greatness.

Johann Christian, the youngest and Bach's eighteenth child, was the joy of his father's old age and a versatile musician. He had a life of charmed good fortune and was a favorite in London, where he taught fair ladies to play the clavicord and made acceptable parlor music. His work, of course, was better than average, but it has not been judged great.

Of all the sons, Carl Philipp Emanuel was without much doubt, the most significant. He was left-handed and this confined his playing to the organ and the pianoforte. Silbermann's pianoforte had been developed to a point where even old Bach could now somewhat grudgingly approve of them, though he had kept Silbermann, by his fierce denunciation of the early ones, years at work on them. Carl Philipp was the outstanding pianoforte player of his generation and his development of the pianoforte sonata is exceptional. Many of his works retain for us their first movingness, their early fresh beauty and among these are the suite for strings and the flute sonata to be heard on Tuesday night's program.

The Monday and Tuesday night programs have been juxtaposed to show to the greatest possible advantage the amazing differences between the age and the works of Johann Sebastian and his boys.

The policy of breaking up the week of Bach to inject the work of another or other composers will be continued. Mozart is, of course, under discussion. We shall see.

Frankenstein's first lecture will be on the sons. —LYNDA SARGENT

ALICE EHLERS



The advent of the harpsichord, played by one of the world's most renowned performers on this instrument, at once sets the tone of the Fifth Carmel Bach Festival incontestably above the preceding ones. The instrument is not only essentially of Bach's own time, but of that group of allied instruments—the clavicembelo, the clavicord—on which the greater part of the music was composed.

Of Madame Ehlers who plays it, Olin Downes says: She has, as a harpsichord player, every desirable quality—virtuosity, capacity to sing a phrase, clean articulation and a temperament that carries everything before it.

It is hardly necessary here, so universally is she known, more than to indicate briefly the wealth of acclaim she continually receives from the world. "Perfection of technique," "profound understanding of music," "daintiness of playing," "an all-conquering personal charm"—these are a few of the diverse things said about her. (The charming letter she has so kindly written THE CYMBAL is printed on Page 4 of this section.)

Madame Ehlers will have the Monday night program, playing the delightful *Italian Concerto* and, with the flute and violin, the favor-

ite *Brandenburg V*—one of those amazingly rich and engaging ensembles of orchestral voices for which these concertos were intended.

Her career as a harpsichordist has taken her around the world. In 1935 the Bach, Handel and Scarlatti celebration year, she played at all the festivals in Vienna, Barcelona, London, Strasbourg and others. She broadcasted from London about 50 Scarlatti Sonatas, all the Handel Suites, and nearly all of Bach's harpsichord music. In the United States she appeared as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestras of Philadelphia and Los Angeles, gave lecture recitals at many universities and colleges, and performed in the ball scene of the motion picture, "Wuthering Heights."

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Fugue

The day began upon a single theme
 Stated by one lone linnet in the wood;
 A little sleepy, true, just out of dream,
 But who could give it utterance as HE could?
 In growing dawn, from voice to voice it passed;
 The leafy morning multiplied the sound;
 The clouds took up the rhythmic mode, and cast
 A maze of variations on the ground.
 The mountains answered with a chord sustained
 Against the mighty base-tones of the sea;
 A day of Bach! of Paradise regained!
 The earth uplifted into symphony,
 And what could I contribute to the whole,
 But to be audience with all my soul!

—DORA HAGEMeyer

MONDAY, JULY 17

Heralding Trombones 8 p.m.
 Concert 8:30 p.m.

Sunset School Auditorium
 GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor

Overture in D Major, No. III for orchestra
 Brandenburg Concerto No. V for harpsichord, flute, violin and strings

Soloists: Alice Ehlers
 Ary Van Leeuwen
 Robert Pollak

Italian Concerto for Harpsichord

Alice Ehlers, soloist

"Praise Our God," Cantata for chorus, soloists and orchestra

Soloists: Alice Mock
 Belva Kibler
 Russell Horton
 Edwin Dunning

1. Chorus: "Praise our God Who reigns in Heaven"
2. Recitative for tenor: "Then Jesus lifted His hands to Heaven"
3. Recitative for bass: "My Saviour, is the parting hour so near?"
4. Air for alto: "Ah, tarry yet, my dearest Saviour"
5. Recitative for tenor: "Then was Jesus taken up into Heaven"
6. Chorus: "Now at Thy feet creation lies"
7. Recitative for tenor: "And while they looked"
- Duet for tenor and bass: "Ye men of Galilee"
8. Recitative for alto: "Ah, Lord, now quickly come again"
9. Recitative for tenor: "And His disciples worshipped Him"
10. Air for soprano: "Lord, my vision still retaineth"
11. Chorus: "When will the night be over?"

TUESDAY, JULY 18

Heralding Trombones 8 p.m.
 Concert 8:30 p.m.

Sunset School Auditorium
 MUSIC BY THE SONS OF BACH

GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor

Symphony in B flat major for orchestra by Johann Christian Bach
 Four songs by Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach

Soloist: Noel Sullivan

1. Der Hundert und Dreissigste Psalm
2. Bitten
3. Jesu in Gethsemane
4. Die Guete Gottes

Suite for strings by Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach

Concerto for cello and orchestra by Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach

Soloist: Michel Penha

Sonata for flute unaccompanied by Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach

Soloists: Ary Van Leeuwen

Sinfonia in D minor for orchestra by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach

Concerto in E flat major for piano and strings by Johann Christian Bach

Soloist: Ralph Linsley

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

Organ Recital 4 p.m.

Organist, John McDonald Lyon

Held in All Saints' Parish Church by courtesy of the Rev. C. J. Hulsewe, Rector, and the Vestry of the Church.

Prelude in E minor

Chorale Preludes (from the "Orgelbuechlein"):

Jesu Meine Freude

Ich ruf' zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ

In Dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr

O Mensch, Bewein dein' Suende gross

Prelude and Fugue in C major

Pastorale in F major

Prelude and Fugue in G major

THURSDAY, JULY 20

Heralding Trombones 8 p.m.
 Concert 8:30 p.m.

Sunset School Auditorium
 GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor

Brandenburg Concerto No. II for orchestra

Sonata in A major for violin and piano

Soloists: Robert Pollak
 Ralph Linsley

Brandenburg Concerto No. VI for two violas and strings

Soloists: Herbert Van den Berg
 William Emery

Concerto in A minor for violin and orchestra

Soloist: Robert Pollak

Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra

Soloist: Sumner Prindle

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

Lecture

All lectures to be given in Sunset School Auditorium

TUESDAY, JULY 18 11 a.m.

"The Sons of Bach"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19 11 a.m.

"The Orchestra Music"

THURSDAY, JULY 20 11 a.m.

"The Chamber Music" — "Phoebus and Pan"

"The Organ Music"

FRIDAY, JULY 21 11 a.m.

"The B minor Mass"

FRIDAY, JULY 21

Organ Recital

Organist, John McDonald Lyon

All Saints' Church

Fantasia and Fugue in C minor

Fantasia con Imitations in B minor

Prelude and Fugue in E minor

Choral Preludes:

Kyrie, Gott, Vater in Ewigkeit

Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten

Herrlich thut mich verlangen

Prelude and Fugue in B minor

SATURDAY, JULY 22

Heralding Trombones

Concert

Sunset School Auditorium

GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor

Overture in C major for orchestra

Concerto in E major for violin and orchestra

Soloist: Doris Ballard

Concerto in D minor for three pianos and orchestra

Soloists: Douglas Thompson

Ralph Linsley

Sumner Prindle

"Phoebus and Pan," Cantata for chorus, soloists and orchestra

Soloists: "Momus," Alice Mock

"Mercurius," Belva Kibler

"Tmolus," Robert Kidder

"Midas," Russell Horton

"Phoebus," Edwin Dunning

"Pan," Sten Englund

1. Chorus: "Blow hither, blow hither, ye turbulent breezes"

2. Recitative: Phoebus

Pan

Momus "And hast thou the audacity supreme"

3. Aria: Momus "Ah, for all things blame the wind"

4. Recitative: Mercurius

Phoebus

Pan "What need for all this wrangling?"

5. Aria: Phoebus "Crown'd with roses, crimson roses"

6. Recitative: Momus

Pan "Now the turn is thine to sing"

7. Aria: Pan "To gladness, from sadness"

8. Recitative: Mercurius

Tmolus "Let either judge decide"

9. Aria: Tmolus "Phoebus, thine is song divine"

10. Recitative: Pan

Midas "Now, Midas, give your verdict"

11. Aria: Midas "Pan's a master, that is clear"

12. Recitative: Momus

Mercurius

Tmolus

Phoebus

Midas

Pan "Ha, Midas, art thou mad?"

13. Aria: Mercurius "Arrogant presumption"

14. Recitative: Momus "My worthy Midas, go thou home"

15. Chorus "Sound again, ye chords enchanting"

SUNDAY, JULY 23

Heralding Trombones

Concert

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 Use of the Mission by courtesy of
 the Mission authorities

GASTONE USIGLI, Conductor

THE B MINOR MASS

For soloists, chorus and orchestra

Soloists: Alice Mock

Lou Melvain

Belva Kibler

Russell Horton

Sten Englund

1. Chorus: "Kyrie Eleison" Quintet: "Kyrie Eleison"

2. Duet for soprano and alto: "Christe Eleison"

3. Chorus: "Kyrie Eleison"

4. Chorus: "Gloria in Excelsis"

5. Air for soprano: "Laudamus Te"

6. Chorus: "Gratias Agimus"

7. Duet for soprano and tenor: "Domine Deus"

8. Quartet for soprano, alto, tenor

and bass: "Qui Tollis"

9. Air for alto: "Qui Sedes ad

Dexteram"

10. Chorus: "Et incarnatus Est"

11. Quartet: "Crucifixus"

12. Chorus: "Et Resurrexit"

13. Aria for bass: "Et in Spiritum

Sanctum"

14. Chorus: "Sanctus"

15. Air for tenor: "Benedictus"

16. Soprano, alto, tenor and bass

soloists, with Festival Chorus and

orchestra: "Hosanna in Excelsis"

Bach belongs to the order of ob-

jective artist. . . The art of the

objective artist is not impersonal,

but superpersonal. It is as if he

felt only one impulse,—to express

again what he already finds in ex-

istence, but to express it definitively,

in unique perfection.

—SCHWEITZER

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ARY VAN LEEUWEN



Ary Van Leeuwen, who has written so charming a skit on the subject of his instrument, the flute, for this issue of *THE CYMBAL*, is one of the eminent flute players in the world, having for many years been first flute with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and soloist under the direct on of Nikiach himself with the Berlin orchestra. During a long tenure of the seat of first flutist with the Cincinnati Symphony, Van Leeuwen made himself well known and beloved of America. His friendly ebullient personality together with his intimate mastery of his instrument suggest the days and ways of those who have, through centuries, made

it their business to lure us folk of less mystically capricious natures away from the usual and the humdrum.

This man will be a high spot in the Festival week and not only because of his music. He expects to have a glorious time in Carmel and we extend him every opportunity to do so.

Together with the harpsichord and violin on Monday night's program, he will interpret the *Brandenburg V*, and Tuesday night he will play the exquisite *Sonata for Flute Unaccompanied* by Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach.

He is the only person in the country who plays this piece.

The Story of Chandler Stewart; of His Sons And Their Contribution to the Festival

By L. BOS ROSS

Johann Sebastian Bach and his sons made music—Chandler Stewart and his sons make music. In this the two fathers are alike but the bond between them is stronger and deeper. Both were exalted by the belief that Good as an Absolute is best proved by the production of absolute beauty.

Stopping his work to be interviewed, Stewart walked forward the length of his neat grocery, a tall slender man in glasses, wearing a grocer's apron. Outside, the Saturday shopping crowd cluttered sidewalks and filled the narrow street with the blue fumes and harsh noises of parking-space hunters.

So far, this scene could be any narrow street in any small American town on a Saturday afternoon, but just at this moment the Bach Festival was mentioned. What followed after that could have taken place only in this shop and had expression through this one man, Chandler Stewart, worthy disciple of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Here in this slender small town grocer is the sort of man the poet meant when he wrote, "He whom a dream hath possessed." This is a man possessed by the strength of his dream of absolute beauty in sound, making articulate absolute Good. He spoke feelingly of the Bach *Canzats no. 147* which is

called, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Destiny." Pure gold, Stewart called this song, saying there was no trace of alloy in it anywhere, that the more it was heard the more the spirit uplifted.

"There is no end to Bach and no surfeit in his music. He fills all, feeds every hunger for the pure beauty. It's as if he had created a complete world in music."

A conception of pure beauty is a rare bird in this mechanized age, an expression of it as a necessity of life is even more rare. Each man comes into the world as devoid of personality as the blank but sensitive wax on an unpressed phonograph record, and as he feels his way through the devious twists and turns of life, makes himself by means of his acceptances and rejections. Each choice adds strength and color to what the fiction writers are pleased to call "Our dominant trait." Out of a strange musical maze that led him through small town bands and circuses, Stewart has accepted and rejected with unfaltering judgment and emerges as a musician whose dominant trait is quality.

The first turn on the road that was finally to lead to a prominent part in the Carmel Bach Festival was made because small towns in the early part of the 1900's offered little in the way of entertainment

The Flute Has Come A Long Trail

By ARY VAN LEEUWEN

Over a long trail which had its beginning somewhere within the dim shadows of antiquity; through sylvan scenes; from the drawing rooms of kings and potentates; the flute has come down to our modern, sophisticated age wearing a glowing aura of poetry and romance. Many and various have been its forms. Those who knew it in its primitive stages would scarcely recognize it in its present state of perfection. All the magic, witchery and wistfulness of this grey old world seem to become vocal as it breathes forth its mystical melodies. Before us moves a succession of pictures—scenes of sylvan loveliness, in ancient Greece with graceful dancers moving to the fairy music of the Pipes of Pan, drawing rooms of Frederick the Great and the Kings of France where soft candlelight reveals exquisitely-clad men and women, silver buckles agleam, fair, white-powdered heads carried high as they move through the stately minuet, their steps guided and made rhythmic by silvery flute tones accompanied by the acridly sweet, pizzicato notes of the spinet or harpsichord.

As time went on, the instrument grew in importance in the eyes of composers. Modern Symphony frequenters have learned to listen for its softly mellow tones; the grace and embroidery of its trills; its flowing clearness as it sings some song of delight accompanied by muted strings.

The flute is constantly in use in the orchestra. It carries the melody for the wood-winds as the violin does for the string section.

Thousands of children in the public schools love to breathe into its sensitive body, feeling it warm and pulsate under their manipulation.

Many of our great singers feature florid songs, rich in cadenzas in which the flute takes the lead, the voice following as if echoing its runs and trills.

The modern silver flute is slender (Continued on Page Eleven)

for the young people. When a school band was to be formed in Lawrenceberg, Tennessee, there was a rush of eager young applicants for places and Chandler Stewart, 15 years old, thought he was a lucky boy to be given the chance to play the cornet. But the trombone lured him away from the cornet after six months and soon convinced him that in music was a firm foundation upon which he could build joy in life. When he left school, music furnished him a livelihood for a number of years. To make music and live, he played in army bands, in circuses, with vaudeville shows and theaters.

Then came marriage and the need for a more settled way of life as the Sons of Stewart began to stack up.

Johann Sebastian Bach and his sons made music—Chandler Stewart and his sons make music and both fathers have the same purpose, the proving of good by the production of beauty.

Stewart's voice was very gentle, a trifle regretful when he said that it was more than likely that Bach lived and wrote and died without ever knowing how very good he was.

"He just put his heart into it and did his best."

This was Chandler Stewart's heartfelt tribute to his dear friend, Johann Sebastian Bach. If Bach could sit in the fragrant shade of the Carmel pines and hear the

DORIS BALLARD



Concertmaster of the Fifth Bach Festival and making her third appearance this year with the Carmel event, Doris Ballard arrives with tender green laurels in her hair from a winter of distinguished achievement in New York.

When Miss Ballard made her Carmel debut she was a student with exceptional promise and an artist by inherent right. She was then facing her first year at the Juillard School as one of the seven Albert Spalding scholars. These scholarships are awarded for one year only and renewed by examination. Miss Ballard will return this coming fall for her third year.

A recital at International House

chorals that herald his joyful music played by the elder Stewart and his sons, Chandler, Jr., Gordon and Donald,—Bach, too, could say, "he just put his heart into it and did his best."

Chandler, Jr., the 23-year-old eldest son of the trombone-playing Stewarts, may not be able to be

in New York this last winter and participation in a concert of chamber music at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, besides work on several solo and ensemble programs have, together with the heavy duties of the school, kept her gaining weight as an artist during the past year. According to those who have heard her she already has a maturity of conception and a purity of line enviable by any artist. Her gift is unquestionable.

Miss Ballard will be heard this year, as concertmaster, in all the orchestra work and will perform, on the Saturday night program, the brilliant and joyous *E Major Concerto*.

standing in the tower beside his father, trombone in hand, when the expectant hush falls before this Fifth Bach Festival. But 15-year-old Alan, the youngest son, is ready to step in and keep the family foursome intact. Stewart and his four sons have been practicing to- (Continued on Page Fourteen)

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Orchestra and Chorus In Labor of Love For Festival

When the last cryingly beautiful strains of the "Hosanna" of the B minor Mass went out like delicate night clouds over Carmel Bay last July and the Fourth Festival was over, a group of very tired boys and girls with fiddles under their arms and stuffed-up wind instruments and liniment throats straggled away to their homes along the darkening trails of northern California. Doubtless the thing farthest from anything else from their minds was the Fifth Festival.

The rains came. All over this western land thin blades of green shot through the arid earth and on the trees were lavender tips sweet of budding. And here and there baritones and bassoons, tenors and tympani, were got out and furbished up and the saps began running again in that stout and ageing oak, the Carmel Bach Festival.

No story connected with the Festival loves us more than that of the chorus and orchestra. It is our own Carmel tale, really, and though people are now coming from all over the country, running with all their legs and lugging great bass viols and such, to take part in these goings-on, still there attends the performance of these men and women the ghost of that little orchestra on Dolores in 1932 that was the strictly local beginning of the Festival and remains to this day the vital nucleus, a hormone, a strong and luscious vitamin, the warp and woof of the tapestry on which our festivities are grounded.

The night is decrescent on Ocean avenue and July is far away. But someone strolling home at midnight hears whistling on the serpentine fogs the strains of a Lobet Gott recitative; from a window over a court paved in chalk rock, a violin struggles valiantly in the morning with the Overture in D major and some embarrassed soprano along a dusty lane in Pacific Grove phrases timidly the Kyrie Eleison.

It was thus the music was first performed. The Thomasschule in Leipzig was no great flourishing institution in a big city, but boasted only a nucleus of assorted basses and boys' sopranos out of which the choirmaster had to make his best. There was a great deal of his own matchless music that he never heard done any better than our own boys and girls will do it next week in the Sunset Auditorium and some of it not as well. Perhaps they would like to remember when they are trudging home discouraged and feeling that there is little enough indeed that they can do, that on ahead of them, beating time with a roll of music which was his only baton, slumped over in his old winter cloak, the master himself, making unintelligible gutturals but managing somehow to get the beat . . . to get the right beat . . .

Our own Madeline Currey, of Monterey High school music de-

(Continued on Page Ten)

Just as there are painters and musicians among the poets, so there are poets and painters among the musicians . . . Poetic music deals more with ideas, pictorial music with pictures; the one appeals more to the feeling, the other to our faculty of representation . . . Beethoven and Wagner belong more to the poets, Bach, Schubert and Berlioz more to the painters. . . He (Bach) is the most consistent representative of pictorial music,—the direct antipodes of Wagner. These two are the poles between which all "characteristic" music resolves.

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN



Who needs only to take his bow in acknowledgment of the fact that we all know him, admire him and look forward to his lectures with no less eagerness than to the concerts themselves.

A great journalist, he transcends journalism, and in his enthralling talks on the life and music of Bach

he employs a compelling personality and a tremendous range of knowledge to become both artist and teacher.

He says he wouldn't miss us—the Carmel folk and their Festival—for the world. Well, it's a sure thing we'd better not miss him.

BELVA KIBLER



Bach wrote for boys' voices. Women were not permitted in the choirs of his day. It is therefore true that the soprano—both lyric and coloratura—are the leading, that is, the tenor voices of the original Bach choir. It follows that the contralto has a special place on any Bach program for a number of reasons. It is a lone voice, and Bach's conversations between his parts are continuous; it should have much of the quality of the first beautiful gutturals of the naturally low-pitched boy's utterance. And it must blend with the other solo parts

in as near an approach as possible to the perfect fusion of boys' voices.

All these responsibilities will be assumed by Belva Kibler of Los Angeles. Miss Kibler has already fortified her musical education, which was had at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, with performances of Martha, Hansel, Olga, Orsini and other great operatic roles. She won first prizes in the Festival of Allied Arts in Southern California for her singing of German lieder and has been soloist at Immanuel Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles.

At our Festival she will be heard

MUSIC KNOWS NO FRONTIERS

By ALICE EMLERS

Music is the international language.

There are no frontiers and no duty to pay.

You can play Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great masters wherever you want and wherever you play it you find people who love it.

When being on a concert tour in South America, I arrived one night at Santiago, the capital of Chile. I had been delayed for nearly two weeks. I was snowed in for ten days when crossing the Andes. There was no way backward or forward; snow wherever you looked. I have never seen so much snow, not even in Russia. On the side of the railroad it was piled up like big walls. Maybe it impressed me so much because when I left Buenos Aires two days before it was hot like a summer day.

There was nothing to be done. We all had to leave the train and stop at the only place, a so-called hotel. The harpsichord I had to leave behind me because it was impossible to carry it through the snow. It was the first time that I had to allow myself to be separated from my instrument and I felt very badly about it with all the fear how it would stand this terrific cold.

I myself had to spend most of the time in bed because I carried only summer dresses with me. Thank God I had my knitting with me. You know my harpsichord and my knitting bag are my steady companions on all my travellings. I had finished so many pretty things in these ten days that when passing the frontier into Chile the official was not the least impressed by all the music I carried with me—and may I confess there were many rare first prints in between—but he made a very serious face when he saw my knittings and asked me very strictly if I intended to open a Knit-shop in Chile and that I needed a kind of permit for that. I must confess that I felt very honored even if his knowledge of the art of knitting was not quite an expert's one.

The train was crowded and when we arrived in Santiago I was absolutely worn out; I only thought which was the quickest way to go to bed. I felt lost and lonely and all the encouraging words of my secretary were wasted on me.

When I stepped from the train I heard a Bach choral sung in Spanish! And on the platform was standing the best chorus in Santiago, with its famous leader, Domingo Santa Cruz, who had made the translation, to receive me. Tears were coming to my eyes and in this moment I felt, Music has no frontiers; and I felt at home.

Now, for the first time, I am coming to play in a Bach Festival in Carmel, a Festival very famous all over the States. I am very much looking forward to it.

I love festivals. The atmosphere is so quite different from the ordinary concert. Just to come to a place to be concentrated, to listen to lovely music, leaving behind all the rush and worries of our daily life is something we should have the chance to enjoy more often.

In how many Bach Festivals I have already played, I cannot tell.

in the Phoebus and Pan cantata and with Miss Mock in the superlative duets of the B minor Mass; in the clear exposition of the Et in Unum Dominum and the luminous serenity of the Christe Eleison.

I only remember that in 1935; a year of great Bach festivities, I played in nearly every country in Europe; in Spain and in Austria, in England and France, in Belgium and Holland. This time Carmel will have the chance to hear the harpsichord. This means that the music will be performed the way it was in Bach's time. But our time is different from Bach's time and we are different, too. What great experience lies between then and now, how many changes have we already gone through! We are used to noise and we don't notice it as noisy any more. There is noise in the street; in the houses with all the loudspeakers on; and even the air is full of noise.

In Bach's time a mail-coach was a curiosity and the man who blew the horn when driving through the village was admired—very much admired. Our life has become hectic; the leisure has gone. And in this world, loaded with Dynamics, I bring you Bach's instrument; an instrument as much in use 250 years ago as in our time the piano is.

But I need your help. You must go the way back with me. You must forget for one evening all the rush and restlessness of our modern life, the noise we are used to, the great orchestras we admire.

Imagine the private residence of the Count of Brandenburg for whom Bach wrote the Six Concertos. Candlelight, people exquisitely dressed and delighted to hear this lovely music. The musicians arrive. Bach himself is sitting at the harpsichord and all the players in a semicircle around him. Not a sound is to be heard. Bach gives the sign and the music starts.

The tone of the harpsichord is very delicate. You have to get used to it. It is a plucked instrument and so it mixes much better with wind and strings than the piano. It mixes so well that in the ensembles you hardly can hear it; but you would notice the moment it stopped playing, because the rhythmic and harmonic fundamentals are missing. But in the places where the harpsichord has to express a meaning it comes out with a brilliance and clarity that will astonish you. In spite of the fact that the single tone is less powerful than the piano tone is, one experiences a certain greatness and variety of color. Anyhow, do not compare.

Bach's music, like most of the 17th and 18th century music is composed in great lines and built up as in terraces. Consequently it needs a different kind of interpretation. This does not mean that Bach's music has no feelings; only the way he expresses his emotions is different. Every period has its own artistic feeling and its own way of expression.

Maybe this new experience will lead to the conclusion that greatness does not mean loudness of tone, but a clear conception and a delicate phrasing to make alive every detail of this wonderful and great music.

A vocal theme of Bach's is a declamatory conceived phrase, that by accident, as if by a marvel perpetually repeated, assumes melodic form, whether it be a recitative, an arioso, an aria, or a chorus.

—SCHWITZER

+

Ready-for-mailing Copies of Cymbal's Bach Festival Edition Will Be on Sale Today and Tomorrow in front of the Post Office.

Herbert Van den Berg STEN ENGLUND



Sten Englund, one of this year's two bass soloists, has the requisite solemnity and quality of consolation, the indispensable spiritual conception of the human emotions, that make his singing of Bach fundamentally right. Recently he has sung in Handel's "Messiah" with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Society, bringing these same qualities to bear on a great and relevant role. His voice is singularly pure and of a haunting fertility of idea.

65 cents

MICHEL PENHA



The name of Michel Penha creates smiles and bows and flutters of exciting anticipation everywhere he goes and here in Carmel distinguishably. That he was for five years solo cello with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, was the first conductor of the Monterey Peninsula orchestra in 1932 under the Denny-Watrous sponsorship, and third conductor of the Carmel

Bach Festival, are facts well known here and abroad.

Penha is now engaged with a trio of his own in Los Angeles, besides his concert appearances. He is, of course, on the roster of internationally known artists which make up this year's Festival cast.

On the Thursday night program he will play Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's concerto for cello and orchestra.

ROBERT POLLAK



"This fine violinist's playing always discloses much meditation, finish, and a refined taste: his tone is enormously tender, delicate and at the same time well penetrating; his technique both of the left and the right hand, is masterful. He is above all an artist."

This tribute to the musicianship of Prof. Robert Pollak is only one of a great many, but we have selected it because it originated in a Tokyo paper while Pollak was head

of the violin department of the Imperial Academy of Music there, and because the artistic press of that country is singularly discerning and unbelievably incorrupt.

The "Professor" is an earned title from the Geneva Conservatory; where he was made a member of the faculty early in life. Honors from around the world have been his. The New York Times says: "a real command of style, of breadth, and sustained power." The Lon-

WE CLAIM THIS HERITAGE

By MARJORIE KUMLER

We have just returned from the musical debauch of a May Festival in Florence, where momentarily, threats of war were ignored, and the glorious surge of familiar music lifted peace-hungry hearts to a new 'high.'

Long to be remembered are those hours of night when the beautifully gowned, superbly jewelled ladies and their titled escorts have left the boxes; the voice of Luisa Miller, or Lucia is stilled; Isolde has vanished, or perhaps the spinning wheel stands motionless at last, and the Opera House grows dark; the clatter of horses' hooves and the roll of wheels fill the narrow streets as the audience moves on toward a palazzo in Fiesole, or across the Arno, where supper will be served in a moonlit garden, whose dim pagan figures are a natural part of an operatic setting.

Golden hours follow. Musical discussions by candlelight, when artist and audience merge, and fragments of one's favorite Quin-tette No. 2 in C Major, or the Brahms No. 4 in E Minor, or Dvorak's 104 fill the enchanted hours of the night with beauty.

Avid audiences there, who know the touch of Schnable playing the "111," or Brahms Little Fugue. Brave additions, these sturdy folk who know that Brailowsky plays Chopin matchlessly, and that there is no finer artist on earth than Pablo Casals and his cello, with the Czech Philharmonic under the direction of Georg Szell. Not to know the Concerto in B Minor under his direction... is not to know.

Yonder, under the clouds of war,

we have jeunesse sans Dieu. Hither under blue skies and unscarred pines, in our personally created little heavens, we are soon to repeat Carmel's annual Bach Festival for the fifth time. There will be five concerts, two organ recitals and five lectures.

Once again, as at Salzburg, or Milan, or Vienna, or Paris, or London, the world recognizes the artistic presentation of Bach the Master, at Carmel-Under-The-Pines, in the United States. With the memory of "Die Meistersinger," at Mainz, which is composed almost entirely of local talent; or of Beethoven's Ninth, and the chorus of 70 glorious voices which has entranced us at Darmstadt, so now we anticipate this annual season of Bach, with our local artists, no less skilled than the more widely known continental villages who have observed this custom for centuries.

Also, it is the universal custom to invite a famous conductor who shall endow the Festival with that final touch of magic, which carries his audiences from the emotional transports of tears, to the delicious pinnacles of laughter. Thus, we shall come to know Gastone Usgli, friend of Francesco Malipiero, and Pascarelli, Toscanini, and Rubenstein.

From the Mediterranean to the Pacific, from the Danube to the Cape, these beloved passages of Bach are known and played; half the houses in Carmel are humming with them, today, as the preparations go forward toward this Festival. This occasion will dignify all who listen and all who take part. It is the basis of fine citizenship... humans working in a group to ex-

Flute Has Come A Long Trail

(Continued from Page Eight)

der, light and graceful, delighting the eye as well as the ear.

The very best flutes have been made in America for the past 30 years; unfortunately, its master-builder passed away not long ago. Being an expert craftsman, Wm. S. Haynes perfected mechanically, acoustically and artistically the amazing invention of Theobald Boehm after whom our present system is called.

Many and fascinating are the legends told in connection with this most ancient of musical instruments.

Pan, the Sylvan pastoral god of Greece, enamored of Syrinx who did not return his affection, pursued her over fields, through woods and by the banks of a softly flowing river. Lacking strength to further elude the god, Syrinx sent up a swift prayer for deliverance.

She was instantly transformed into tall reeds growing on the banks of the stream. While Pan searched frantically for his lost love, a storm came sweeping over the tops of the reeds breaking those most brittle. Suddenly, Pan heard a sound, low and sweet and so enchanting that he forgot Syrinx for a time in his search for its origin. He soon dis-

covered it came from the sighing of the wind over the mouths of the broken reeds. Plucking one of them, he began to experiment with it and soon cut reeds of different lengths, permitting a musical scale.

To his wild, mischievous tunes, everything in nature danced and men followed his man body and goat feet whither they led them through morass, through thorns and brambles or over fair fields where shepherd maidens danced to his magical tunes.

don Times: "He can do anything."

Pollak will be heard Monday night in the Brandenburg V with Madame Ehlers and Ary Van Leeuwen and playing the Sonata in A major on Thursday evening.

When asked how he had managed to bring his art to such perfection, Bach usually answered: "I have had to work hard; anyone who will work equally hard will be able to do as much." —Schwartzman

press an ideal whose voice has been lifted in beauty for 250 years.

To you and you and you, our visitors here, we place our richest week into your keeping. Lift it reverently in your hands, you are touching beauty which has fled from distant places to find understanding and sanctuary here.

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LOU McILVAIN

The intensely dramatic and pictorial qualities of all of Bach's music require for adequate interpretation the inclusion of a primarily dramatic soprano. In everything Bach wrote is the personal and transcendently emotional. Whether composing a secular cantata, a concerto, a Church piece, a fugue for his organ, Bach seemed ever—as in his own life—to be engaged in an argument, in a battle for the right as he saw it.

In Lou McIlvain, the Denney-Watrous management has discovered a voice measured to this requirement. Miss McIlvain's choral and operatic experience are excellent. From *Leonora*, *Mimi*, *La Gioconda*, *Norma*, she has gathered the subduction of the dramatic to the



true which will make her of great value to the Festival.

JEAN CROUCH

It is a little difficult to write about Jean Crouch, because she is young and shy of newspaper publicity about which, with her indubitable promise of a distinguished career as cellist, she will presently learn much that confirms her unfaith and perhaps a little that will,



in moments, help to refresh and sustain her.

It doesn't seem very important to me at this stage just what Jean has done, but then I'm not a publicist myself and of course I'm wrong. She is a senior at the San Jose State College, majoring in everything musical, including playing in hotels that music we never hear above our luncheon converse and melons, but which helps Jean forward to that brighter tomorrow toward which she is steadily clambering by one means and another. She has just been inducted into Mu Phi Epsilon, the exclusive honorary musical society. At the age of 12 (I'm really and truly sorry, Jean, for getting newspaperish) she play-

ed in the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra which Miss Denney and Miss Watrous had just organized and has taken part in all our Festivals. She has been pupil to Frisbie, Penha, Van den Berg and is now studying with Dehe.

Yet none of this is Jean's story. Jean's is the tale of a young girl in a town like Carmel who has her eye fixed on one thing. I remember, Jean, coming home from a meeting of some sort on night when I was about your age—a Church social or something—and seeing a star in the sky. There were a number of us in the group, probably going up to our farm to make popcorn balls or slide down the long south hill in the moonlight. But for the two miles home, on foot, I kept looking at that star. When I see you leap to your seat and join the tenors just to get the experience of singing tenor, or run to the piano to get that touch of life, or ushering at Sunset School in order to hear a concert, I then remember all about my star.

They say you'll be an exceptional and perhaps even a great cello player. That is one part of what the star means. The rest you'll find out, even to some tolerance for having your name in the paper.

And if, at my age, you can remember as I do, exactly what it means in your teens suddenly to see a star in the sky that seems big and bright enough to follow, your gift and your achievements as a cello player will come second to the fact that it is, after all, the star itself that matters. —L. S.

Madeline Currey

Early in the year the chorus of the Festival started its groundwork under the direction of Madeline Currey, gifted teacher of music in the Monterey Union High School and for a number of years head of the music at Sunset School in Carmel. Most of us are well cognizant of Miss Currey's ability as a musician and know the fine things she did with the boys and girls here.

Miss Currey was a valued student in the music department of Dominican College and did yeoman service in laying the foundations for the choral work of this year's Festival.

We get the impression that if we were to let a Handelian theme fall to the ground, the tone-melody would separate under the shock; whereas a Bach phrase would remain unbroken and inseparable, his musical phrase being only the verbal phrase re-cast in tone.

—SCHWEITZER

Helen Mead Little

Among the soloists with wide experience and an approach both professional and intimate, is Helen Mead Little, flutist. Miss Little is first flute of the Pasadena Bach Society and will be a contribution of real importance to the winds. In the *Brandenburg Concerto II* for flute and orchestra which inaugurates the Thursday night program, she will have the obligato voice for flute.

Many a great idea, that in other men merely existed in an insignificant form, had to come to Bach to be endowed with the life that really belonged to it. —SCHWEITZER

If we have once absorbed a Biblical verse in Bach's setting of it, we can never again conceive it in any other rhythm. —SCHWEITZER

Hints from Lynda

Get to your seats on time. No intelligent or cosmopolitan audience is ever late to a musical event. You can finish your cocktail when you get home and show off your clothes at intermission. Show Herr Kapellmeister Bach the courtesy of being an audience decent enough to hear his music.

Applaud. It is not necessarily lady-like to turn to stone after a number. And it is beastly unjust to artists who have no other way to know when they're liked. Besides, this is a festival, not a funeral.

Please don't rattle your programs just as a solo oboe goes into the most exquisite and delicate passage ever written for a solo oboe.

The lectures. Arrive at your seat in the Sunset Auditorium by 10:50 a.m. You'll have time to swap recipes and tell the latest. You have to stalk the length of the place, you know, and when Frankenstein begins getting chatty and intimate with his audience, which is nice, you know what size your shoes become by the time you've got midway down the hall. And how many hobnails. Besides, you'll miss something if you're late. Really.

You are entreated not to show off your knowledge (?) of the music by shem-ing and obo-ing during its performance. If you want to do criticism, come to the office of THE CYMBAL and we'll give you a notebook, a pencil and a bug light.

Read and re-read this part of Madame Ehlers' delightful letter to THE CYMBAL on Page 4 of this issue:

"I need your help. You must go the way back with me. You must forget for one evening all the rush and restlessness of our modern life."

We live in a small inconsequential town. But for a little while we are going to be privileged here to have the best music there is. Let us not abuse that privilege.

—LYNDA SARGENT

ROBERT KIDDER



Of the many rhythms for joy which Bach employed throughout his work, the most poignant are worked out for the violin amongst the instruments and the tenor voice. The liquid felicity of these two voices weaves a thread of exultance, of serene good, of passionate thanksgiving through much of the music. The Festival is fortunate and wise this year in having two fine tenor soloists to represent these elements.

Robert Kidder has sung with the Pasadena Grand Opera Company and the Pasadena Bach Society; is soloist at the First Congregational Church and has just finished his

second season with the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company.



Bach's relation to his text is active, not passive; it does not inspire him so much as he inspires it. His music lifts the words to a higher power, bringing out in transfigured form what seems struggling for expression in the mediocrity of—as often enough happens—the banality of the poem. —SCHWEITZER

+ + +

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NOEL SULLIVAN



On Tuesday night's program, Noel Sullivan will sing in his mellow and sacrosanct bass, four of the songs of Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach. Of Johann Sebastian, his faith and works, Mr. Sullivan spoke the substance of these following words:

The one and constant thing that made Bach's music possible was his literal faith. No final art form is possible without it, for it is not within the grasp of man to sink his own foundations. The immense cumulative decisions of the race, cement with the something beyond fact that we call belief, rests under us all. If we can discover in it the catalyst for our own talents, whatever they are, then we are able in faith to sink the roots of our works and on the stout ensuing trunk to improvise creation.

The harsh lines of Bach's face mirror the harsh believing. A hard and weary thing, but in all the architecture of achievement provisioned and pre-visualized with a mighty good. There is no one creed in belief—faith in the new form, in change itself, as well as the reliance of such men as Sebastian Bach on the established way—is right, only that it be faith and not merely a running-after. We possess faith by birthright and those who use the heritage find somewhere along the way the green laurels that come after thorns.

We clamor to express our beliefs. In the streets there is argument and the catching of garments of the passers-by and this way flimsy edifices arise and blow down and little ragged houses come to birth to die. Only those who discover the refined language of symbols, which is the ultimate speech of a faith, can erect towers. The magnificently inventive and inspired works of Bach are the superstructure of an especial language on the substance of a god.

That it is rococo, a wonderfully perfect late Gothic, is only Bach's manner of using the symbols. It makes the music understandable and pure, for he used no new forms and did not presume to question the old. He was literal, but he was fastidious with his literalness and not ambitious to improve on it. If a definite faith is a limitation—and there are many who say so—then observe what this one man did with in these limitations. Give me a theme, he would say to one who

asked him to perform. And on that theme he spoke through his symbols direct with the author of the life-perpetuating force, leaving creation itself in those hands.

That is the reward: that by this faith and by these works, one claims the power of trinity, the direct personal apprehension of the elemental, the means of speaking without an interpreter. Bach learned his symbols well and when he had, he found he had discovered the munificence of the simple syllables that alone catch the ear of the divine.

History of Carmel's Bach Festival

(Continued from Page Five)

"Drunkard" had its first revival.

In 1932 Denny-Watrous inaugurated the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra and brought Michel Penha down with his Neah-Kah-Nie string quartet to be its first conductor. He was down for the summers of 1932, '33 and '34 for what they called the Chamber Music Series. This was when the now well-established habit of open rehearsals was instigated. How we used to pile into Denny-Watrous those nights! We'd come out blind and saturated with music and have to walk it off before attempting to go home to bed.

The Bach Festival was the natural outgrowth of this.

With Dene's knowledge of music and her personal contacts in the world of music, and Hazel's talent for design and planning, it is no wonder that the team of Denny-Watrous functions as such a complete unit. Last year they took over the management of the San Jose Concert Series and broke a record when they presented Marian Anderson to an audience of 4000 people. This fall their series includes Yehudi Menuhin, Lily Pons, Artur Schnabel and Marian Anderson.

Hazel likes to say that she knows nothing whatever about music. Her main interest lies in the theater. The girls leased California's First Theater from the State of California, just as though it were a peanut-stand concession at a state park. Here they've been reviving Early American melodrama with occasional forays into the field of serious drama.

Hazel, in particular, loves her

work with this little theater. She watches the tiny stage and the actors appearing before their exaggerated sets and she has a strange feeling that they haven't yet begun to touch the possibilities that await them. The plays should take on the feeling of a miniature, she feels, and that there is more of illusion, more of true theater here, than on the conventional stage. Much of her work is with the costumes, and you all know how much of our delight comes from those.

Bach Festival Week for Dene makes her feel as though Carmel were surrounded by a group of high mountains which eventually we expect to scale. This year, more than any preceding festival year, she senses something unfolding that is big enough for both the audience and the participants to feel. It's a transcending thing, and we all share in it. It is an inner communion which approximates, perhaps, what music was meant to say. Music like Bach's, which was founded on worship of God, a triumphant declaration that God and Life and Man are good, is absorbed like Life itself in all good time. We cannot hurry the process. Each year we're nearer to complete understanding. Each year we feel it more.

—MARJORIE WARREN



The establishment of a musical language in Bach is not a mere pastime for the aesthete, but a necessity for the practical musician. It is often impossible to play a work of his in the right tempo, and with the right accent and the right phrasing, unless we know the meaning of the motive. The simple "feeling" does not always suffice.

—SCHWEITZER

EDWIN DUNNING



The incidence of two tenor and two bass soloists sets this Festival ensemble far in advance of previous years. Edwin Dunning brings to the singing a glorious voice, capable of the profound spiritual depths required by the Bach church music, yet versatile enough to embrace the profane role of Phoebus in the "Phoebus and Pan."

Dunning is bass soloist and di-

rector of music at one of Los Angeles' largest churches, the First Baptist, and for the Bach Society of Pasadena. A student of Clifford Lott, his young but excellently mellowed bass will be heard Monday night singing the recitative, My Saviour, is the parting hour so near? as well as the aria, Crown'd with roses, crimson roses, of the Saturday night cantata.

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Carmel Extends Its Ready Palms to Bach and Welcomes Those Who Come to Hear Him

(Continued from Page Three)
mystery of things." And, listening, can we not but wish that we in some way could do what Bach has done, put these but-groping thoughts of ours into unanswerable and perfectly satisfactory language. Surely, the six Concertos were living persons to their creator; they will be live people to the performers; to us, then, let them come to life by a diligent hearing.

On the organ, Bach talks with God. The unspeakably great privilege of covering this Festival for THE CYMBAL has been, for me, that of coming close enough to the music, though not a musician nor knowledgeable, to see in my mind a clear and indelible picture of Bach's personal relationship with his personal God and how, through a long life, he learned to speak with Him in simpler and simpler terms; in terms resolved by life itself and by centrifugal dedication to the perfection of his medium of dialogue. He worked so hard to learn! He wanted so to put his questions so they would please Him!

At first, he tried to impress Him with Italian and French languages and some recondite but confused German dialects, like a proud schoolboy. But when we hear him on the Festival programs of John McDonald Lyon, we shall find that he has gone to Him quite simply with his own natural speech; that the transfiguration has been accomplished. And then we have a picture of the grown man, Bach, opening the doors of the Church with his massive keys, seating himself at the console and thoughtfully but with confidence and power, speaking his own mind in unison with that other. The mighty design of the *E minor Prelude and Fugue*, its harshness and fierce assumptions, are the converse of gods. And when the uttermost syllables of an earned peace, the achievement of a tranquil partnership in Godness, come to us in the last measures of the ultimate of all organ works, the *B minor Prelude and Fugue*, we shall know that, after all, in the august concord of nature, man is not vile.

Of the singing of the *B minor Mass* what can one say? Everything comes to its climax there—the joy and the sorrows, the turbulence and peace, the doubt and the eventual massing of all faith. From the singing of the *Kyrie Eleison*—Have mercy on us—through the soul's glad confident prayer in the *Gloria in Excelsis* to the gigantic massing of soloists and chorus in the *Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna* . . . we mount the hills of blessedness and walk upon the straight bright way of utmost good. This year, for the first time, the Carmel Festival chorus will sing the *Sanctus*. And one cried unto another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.

The most superlatively great music ever written for the human voice.

This year's is the best programmed Festival of any foregoing. Of the wealth and variety of Bach's music, a sample of all seems to have been taken. The *Lobet Gott* cantata and the sprightly "Phoebus and Pan"; Penha's cello concerto and the flute sonata by Van Leeuwen; Robert Pollak and Doris Ballard in violin solos; the three-piano concerto with Linsley and Prindle and Thompson, and the Stewarts with their trombones.

There is so much to say about it that whatever one says must fall short of its truth. Myself, I could only wish for you all my own experience of it. So much richness and so much fun. Watching at rehearsals the passionate spirit of Usigli little by little and irrevocably enter the bodies and voices and hands of the artists like the ancient Dybbuk, transforming them into vehicles for the expression of Bach; the day by day pleasure of working with Miss Denny and Miss Watrous; the running hither and yon of everyone in THE CYMBAL office, all earnest to help, making jokes and treating more reverently than is usual in a newspaper office the subject at hand; even W. K. tiptoeing by when he sees the score of the *B minor Mass* in my hands. Ben hying him to San Francisco for that piece of music for the cover. Halsey bringing me a towering stalk of canterbury bells, a *Prelude and Fugue* in wayward purple; Marjorie and Dorothea and Timbers and Gene, and all the friendliness of a company of troupers in uncommon harmony.

And through it all the double assignment of covering also, as I go back and forth each night and morning to and from the Big Sur and my log house under the Mule Canyon woman, the most fitting setting anywhere in the world for a festival of Bach's music. The great warm hills climb up from the sea with their immense fugal bodies sentient to the universal orchestra. Played on by the winds and the hot plucking fingers of the sun; crescendo and decrescendo under the muted fogs, lovelier than love and mightier than might, the speaking again of the Voice for which Johann Sebastian Bach forever listened and which his elemental soul was clean enough to hear.

It has been one rich and added experience of human fraternity and an interview with the sublime.



The immediate impression Bach's works make upon us is of a dual kind. Their message is quite modern; but at the same time we feel that they have no kinship whatever with post-Beethovenian art.

—SCHWEITZER

Bach Identified With Church Music

(Continued from Page Three)

Phoebus and Pan quarrel over their respective abilities as musicians, and it is decided that the question will be settled, once and for all, by a contest. Phoebus (for Apollo was ever a rather self-satisfied god) is a bit contemptuous of Pan's ability, though the latter calls attention to the fact that his music holds a certain charm for the nymphs of the forest. Each gives an example of his music. That of Phoebus is rather serious, moderate in tempo and melodious; that of Pan is spritely, animated, and somewhat on the humorous side. Momus and Midas act as seconds to the musical contestants, and each sings a song. The decision is given in favor of Phoebus, but not unanimously. Midas holds out in favor of Pan, which brings down upon him the scathing contempt of the others. They tell him to "take his ass's ears back into the woods" (where musical taste is on a low plane), and they invite Phoebus to sing again, declaring that "nothing is more lovelier than his song."

The secular cantatas do not differ essentially in form from those intended for church use, the most important difference being the omission of the characteristic chorales. Most of them are lightly scored for strings and woodwinds, occasionally a horn is added. Their whole style is lighter and simpler than in the case of the church cantatas. In "Phoebus and Pan," however, this

lightness is most apparent in the choruses. Except in the case of Pan, the arias are rather serious. In fact, Parry criticizes them as being too serious and too lengthy in development for a secular work of the kind—a criticism that invites argument.

An interesting (if academic) question comes up in regard to the character Midas (he of the ass's ears) in the Cantata. In 1729 one Scheibe applied for the post of organist at the Thomaskirche, and Bach rejected him. It rankled, and Scheibe later indulged in some disparaging criticisms of Bach's music. In 1737 Scheibe wrote a very unfriendly criticism of Bach, which he published in the *Kritische Musikus*, and in a round-about manner (a mythical letter from an anonymous friend) characterized Bach's music as turgid, unnatural, of a confused character, etc. He particularly attacked Bach's practice of writing certain ornaments out in full. The majority of Bach's biographers assume that the Midas in the Cantata is the counterpart of Scheibe. This is decidedly open to question. Scheibe's principal criticism of Bach was published in 1737, but "Phoebus and Pan" was performed by the Leipzig Collegium Musicus in 1731. Charles Sanford Terry calls Midas the counterpart of Beckmesser, not Scheibe. At any rate, the sly dig regarding the ass's ears was certainly directed at someone.

Growth of Carmel's Bach Festival

By MAST WOLFSON

We are again arriving at the period of the year where one in Carmel can be satiated with the music of a great master.

It is indeed remarkable to consider the growth of the Bach Music Festival. Only a few years ago, eight to be exact, the idea was born. Since then it has grown from the original quartet to the present magnitude of an orchestra and choral, with their respective soloists. It has grown from village interest to that of nation-wide prominence. As you know the last evening of music in the old Carmel Mission was sent throughout the nation by the National Broadcasting Company. All of this has been accomplished by the unselfish devotion and persistent efforts of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous.

Bach, so many, may seem "churchy" and dull for concerts lasting the period of a week. However, those who listen to the concerts enjoy them more and more. Of course, the more one knows of good music, the more one cares to listen to it. A certain amount of understanding along this line is needed. To this purpose musically-illustrated talks and organ recitals are provided to clarify during the daytime, the concerts to be heard later on.

Several ideas come to one in regard to Bach: (1) Can one author

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Story of the Stewarts

(Continued from Page Seven)

gether every evening and are eagerly waiting to offer their share in the creation of exquisite, all-permeating music.

It was with modest pride that Stewart spoke of the traditional part in music festivals which is played by the Staatspfeiffers or State Musicians who, from a tower, have announced music festivals in Europe for the last 500 years. It is with a feeling of lusty and growing pride that the makers and sharers of the music of the Fifth Bach Festival in Carmel again announce the heralding of the festival by Chandler Stewart and three of his sons.

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The Three Solo Pianists in the Festival

RALPH LINSLEY

Aside from the conductor himself, there is perhaps only one indispensable person on the Festival roster—Ralph Linsley, official pianist. Linsley is not only indispensable but he is irreplaceable here, having been at the piano over here at Sunset School since the beginning. It is a peculiar pleasure to have him there, a real feeling that as long as Ralph is with us no great damage can be done.

Linsley is now associated with Lert and during this past winter did all the accompanying for the rehearsals of "Martha" under Lert's direction, as well as playing the continuo parts of Handel's "Messiah" and "Jephtha" with him. He is accompanist for the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, the Pasadena Festival Chorus and the Bach Society of Pasadena. Under Lert's direction he also played in the Bach Concerto for Four Pianos with the Pasadena Civic Orchestra and has done a great deal of concert and other work. Recently, he has joined a trio with Ary Van Leeuwen, flutist, and Karl Kirkamith, cellist, and they are planning fine adventures.

When asked what he wants most to do, Linsley says modestly "to be able to play Bach."

On this year's program, aside from the practically continuous job of accompanying, Linsley will play, Tuesday night, the Concerto in E flat Major for piano and strings by Johann Christian Bach; Thursday evening with Robert Pollak, the senior Bach's Sonatas in A Major for violin and piano; and Saturday night, with Prindle and Thompson, the Concerto in D Minor for three pianos, one of the most amazingly rich and inventive fertilizations of the preposterously fertile mind of Johann Sebastian Bach.

SUMNER PRINDLE

In bringing Sumner Prindle to the service of the Festival the management has accomplished one of its chief aims—to introduce into the ensemble men and women not only successful in their field but of a youth and vitality and arrivingness suitable to the interpretation of the liveliest of all music.

Mr. Prindle, a pupil of Olga Steeb, is one of California's notable young pianists. His recent success in a series of 38 concerts over the radio has placed him in the front row of those competent to translate Bach's music onto the modern piano.

He will play on the Saturday night program with Ralph Linsley and Douglas Thompson the powerful Concerto in D minor for three pianos and orchestra.

DOUGLAS THOMPSON

His phenomenal gift of reading music has earned for Douglas Thompson the benison of being one of the two or three wholly accomplished young accompanists of the west coast and an artist rapidly striding off across other artistic and geographical areas. Thompson is

RALPH LINSLEY



accompanist for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and twice soloist with that organization.

A man of broad chronological interests, he takes Schoenberg and Bach in his stride and is versatile enough to have accompanied Tito Schipa and Sally Rand during the last season. Pupil of Gunnar Johansen, Thompson has made two world tours and is continually busy with orchestral appearances outside his own beat. He is one of the west's devoutest and most talented exponents of contemporary music.

We shall hear him Saturday night with Linsley and Prindle in the powerful and greatly-wrought Concerto for three pianos, which was written by Bach for performance with Wilhelm Friedemann and Johann Christian, his oldest boys.



Every language subsists only by a convention, in virtue of which a certain sensation or idea is regarded as corresponding to a certain aggregation of sounds. It is the same in music. Anyone who understands the language of a composition, and knows the significance of certain combinations of tone, perceives ideas in the music that do not speak directly to the uninitiated, though they are there all the time.

—SCHWEITZER

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SUMNER PRINDLE



Growth of Festival

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

write enough music to fill programs year after year? (2) Has the author had any influence on other great musicians?

In answering these questions I should like to quote from that Englishman, Donald F. Tovey.

First, "The labours of the Bach-Gesellschaft occupied more than fifty years, during which about four-fifths of Bach's Choral works were published for the first time. In centuries no musician but a specialist will know this mass of work as every musician comes to know his Beethoven. Nor will anthologies hasten the attainment of

such knowledge where the whole body of work so constantly attains that excellence for which the anthologist seeks. Except for practical difficulties, the only reason why some cantatas are better known than others is that a beginning must be made somewhere."

Second, in regard to Bach's influence Mr. Tovey states: "Hence, the influence of Bach's art as an understood whole lies even yet in the future. In the past his influence was hardly suspected except by the great composers themselves; and, to anyone contemplating the art of the generation after him, it might have seemed that both he and Handel had worked in vain. Yet his was the most subtle and universal

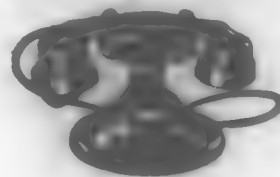
force in the development of music, even when his musical language seemed hopelessly forgotten."

Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Brahms are just a few of the really great artists who were profoundly influenced by Bach.

It is most fortunate for us, the people of the Monterey Peninsula, that we have not only the natural physical beauty here, but that we have the added spiritual growth through its churches and its music.



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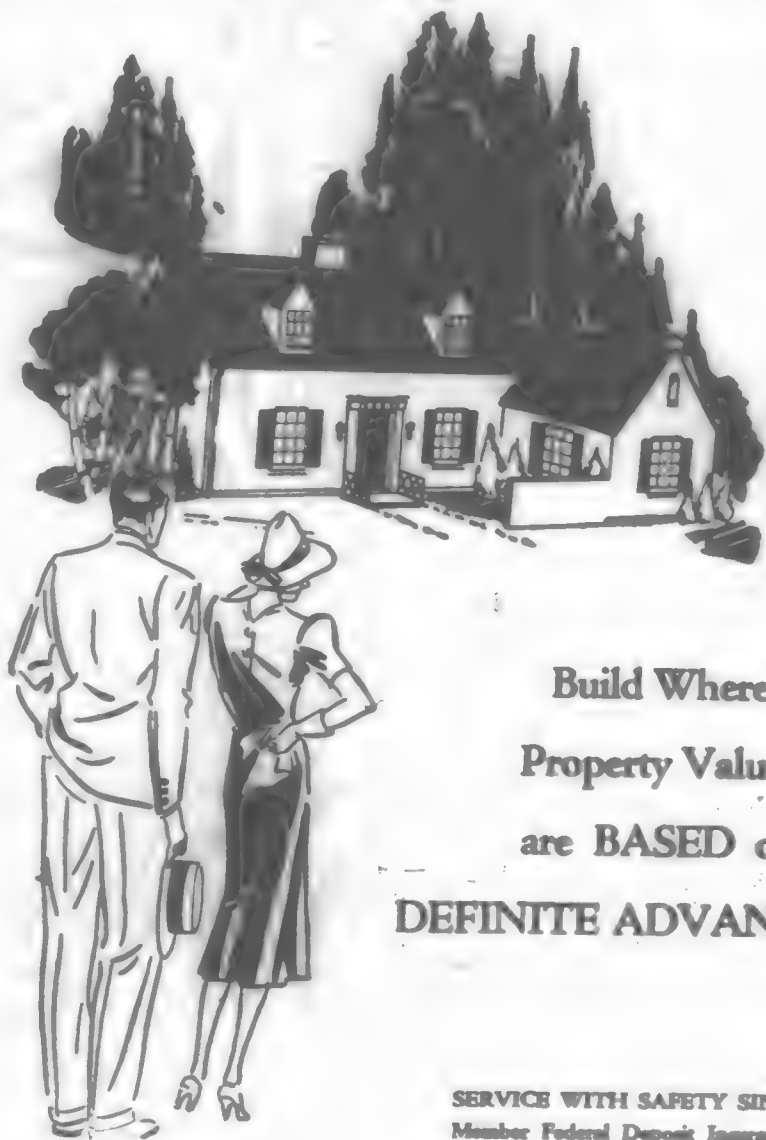
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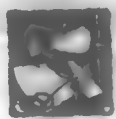
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**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. XI • No. 2

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JULY 14, 1939

Page 17

Whispers to People

Bill Askew: How about this Seventh street job those birds did for Carmel recently on gasoline tax money? It looks, and feels, pretty terrible to us—down there between Carmelo and Monte Verde. You could do a better stretch of street work than that. We even think we could.

Bobby Norton: We understand that your radio plaything is in operation and working just swell. We hear you've got some calls for cats up a tree on it, and that Mrs. Aloysius MacGillicuddy, up in the Flat, heard a prowler. We further are informed that the New York police are watching it carefully. If it works out they're going to get one.

Sadness Looms for Some Forty-Two Nice People

At this writing (Wednesday morning) there are 28 residents of this fair city and 14 living in the not-so-fair outside who are going to be devastated next week when they find no copy of Carmel's marvelous newspaper in their mail. And it will be their own obsequies. We have sent each of them two notices of the expiration of his subscription and next Thursday out comes the stencil of everyone who hasn't sent us the necessary dollar by that time. THE CYMBAL obeys Mr. Farley's Postal Laws and Regulations to the letter and to the spirit. We carry no unpaid subscriptions on our books longer than two weeks. If your stencil reads "6-39" you're one of the 42 standing on the brink. (And this goes for the Harrison Memorial Library, too, Miss Niles. Think of the devastation of your customers next week!)

Jim Thoburn

He heard cries for help and he grabbed a couple of planks and swam more than 100 yards out into the surf, pushing them in front of him. He saved one life and would have saved the other if he could have made a householder understand that he wanted him to call the fire department.

But he had to telephone himself and that delayed him. His doctor had warned him about over-exertion and told him to stay out of cold water. He stayed in it for nearly an hour, saving a guy's life. And when we looked him straight in the eye, with a great wonder in ours, and asked him about it, this is what he said: "Not enough credit is given to Ray Hamilton. He saved two lives, mine and the other fellow's. His strength, his watchfulness, and his care, when he finally got out to us was the support we had to have."

What you do, Jim, is a lot louder than what you say; a hell of a lot louder.

It Doesn't Seem Possible Such Things Can Be

You read the other day about a man named Anthony Sabater shooting himself in his home in Monterey. He tried to commit suicide, but late reports are that he will recover. But that isn't the story. The story, if it is true, and we see no reason to doubt our informant,

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

City Acts To Prevent Tragedies on Beach

SPUD GRAY, M.C.



He's a Rollicking Troupier of the First Water

When the curtain rings up on "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch" tonight at 8:45 in California's First Theater, Monterey, it will be introduced by a leaping, "mad-hatter," in full evening dress with green lapels—Spud Gray, Master of Ceremonies.

When Spud was registered as Everett Gray, he was entering the University of Washington, where for three years he attended as many classes as he could take, took part in all the plays, and sang tenor in the Glee Club. He worked for a year in the scenic studio of Fanchon and Marco. For a year and a half he was actor and stage manager with the Kanawha Players, in Charleston, West Virginia. For a summer season he played with the Manhattan Repertory Players, Ogunquit, Maine.

Then the Globe Theatre Com-

pany discovered Everett Gray and for three years he was stage manager and actor in their stream-lined Shakespeare. He was named "Machine Gun Gray" by Ashton Stevens, but somewhere along the way of their 3500-odd performances, from Chicago to the west coast, he was called "Spud," and "Spud" he has been ever since. It was while he was with the Globe Theatre that he met Chick McCarthy.

Spud Gray came to Carmel in

1937 to join the St. James Players. He has played in many productions of the Carmel Players and with the Troupers of the Gold Coast under the Denny-Watrous management. Loving Carmel too much to leave it with the St. James Players, he has acted variously as actor, stage manager, painter, soda-jerker, messenger, bartender, bell-hop and hitch-hiker. Out of all this experience has come his Information Service—Ask Spud—where he gives invaluable information firsthand.

DR. MCKEE TO PREACH ON "CHRIST AND A TIRED WORLD" AT COMMUNITY.

"Christ and the Tired World" is the subject of Dr. Wilbur W. McKee's sermon this Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock service at Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street.

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m., Dr. McKee's Bible Class at 10 o'clock a.m., and the Junior Group at 5 o'clock p.m.

FIREMEN'S AUXILIARY FOOD SALE TOMORROW

There's to be a food sale tomorrow at the old Carmel bank, and by the Auxiliary of the Carmel Fire Department which probably represents some of the best cooks in the county. They'll specialize on things like enchiladas, salads and pie, but there will be lots of other things. Activity begins at 9:30 a.m. and will continue throughout the day until everything is sold out.

DROWNING OF BOY BRINGS PREVENTIVE MEASURES

As a means toward preventing a recurrence of the tragedy on the beach last Saturday when a boy was drowned, his brother rescued from drowning and a hero, in the guise of a real estate broker, risked his life in answer to a call for help, the Carmel city council and the parks and playgrounds commission adopted effective plans at an informal conference Tuesday afternoon.

As a result of discussion William Askew, superintendent of streets and parks, was instructed to enlarge the signs which now stand at all entrances to the beach so that, in addition to an appeal to visitors to keep the beach clean, there will be printed the statement: "This beach unsafe for swimming."

In addition to this, the parks commission will purchase two surf boards to be placed in the two comfort stations on the beach, and accessible to those responding to cries for help. Also, the fire department has offered to equip itself with a larger board, equipped with ladders, with which it will respond to disaster calls. The department wishes it understood that it is not prepared to act as a life-saving crew, but with this additional equipment, to be paid for by the parks commission, it will be better able to assist in rescue work when called.

The parks commission has also suggested to the newly-formed Young Men's Club that it organize a life-saving crew within its membership and the members have agreed to undertake this community service.

Corum Jackson, chairman of the parks commission, has asked a representative of the police department, fire department and Carmel Red Cross chapter, to meet with the commission to discuss further plans for preventing tragedy on the beach.

The boy who was drowned last Saturday when he found himself too weak to swim in against the current was William Vaught, 17, son of Mrs. Marie Vaught of 854 Fifty-third street, Oakland. His brother, Edley James Vaught, 25, 1383 Thirty-second street, Oakland, was saved by James Thoburn, real estate dealer and former mayor of Carmel, who swam to the rescue of the brothers, pushing two planks ahead of him. By the time he was able to reach the shore, some 100 yards out from the beach at the foot of Thirteenth street, the younger brother had sunk out of sight. Thoburn and the elder brother drifted on the life-moving boards nearly an hour before they were brought to the beach by rescue crews from the fire department, and others, summoned by Thoburn by telephone before he dashed into the surf. He had heard the cries for help while he was in the Brennan home on Scenic Drive.

shocks us no end and causes us to wonder just how long the world is going to stagger along the way it is.

We are told that Sabater, a most efficient automobile upholsterer and top fixer, was not only making a good living up to a few years ago, but had saved enough to buy a little home for his wife and family and himself. He had one big source of income—he got most of the business of the Monterey Presidio. In fact, that was the bulk of his business. Then, suddenly, about a year ago, he was told by the Presidio officials that they couldn't give him the work any more; that the government required that they use WPA labor for such repairs.

That threw Sabater back on his heels, and he has been back on them ever since. He couldn't make enough to buy food for his family. He tried to work it out some way. He asked the Presidio people what he could do. They suggested that he get on the WPA rolls and they could give him work. He applied to the WPA. No. They couldn't put him on because he owned a house and lot. They told him he'd have to have credentials of a WPA worker. He'd have to be broke. It was just about suggested that he get himself broke. Lost his home. Put his family out of it and let them sleep in the streets.

You can't eat a house and lot.

Sabater shot himself the other day.

Don't Go Off Half-Cocked On Matter of Carmel Beach Patrol

Many and varied and varyingly erratic are the suggestions and proposals and demands for protection of visitors to our beach since the tragedy of last Saturday.

One of the most absurd is that which, we understand, proposes to the board of supervisors that the county of Monterey assume the task of patrolling our beach. Those who have been led blindly into signing a petition to the supervisors asking for this county assistance haven't taken much time to stop and think. If the county moved in on Carmel's beach, it would do so with little or no regard for Carmel's own ideas about the beach, how it shall be maintained, and what, if any, structures, equipment or devices shall be placed or erected thereon. The county would be hard-boiled about it, if it acceded to the request. It would answer the appeal to prevent the loss of human life on our beach with the stereotyped methods used on public bath-

ing beaches for the purpose. It would, in fact, create a swimming beach rather than discourage the use of our beach for swimming, as we have done ever since there was a Carmel.

The only relieving feature about the thing is that the supervisors will ignore the request, or respond with an ardent "No." It will do this because it will consider that it is not the county's business to patrol beaches for cities, and it will probably do it also with a certain amount of satisfaction in view of Carmel's attitude toward a county matter; namely the dog quarantine.

We do not wish to seem to deprecate any reasonable effort to prevent further tragedy on our beach, but we are certain the county-help plan if possible of consummation would defeat its own end.

We believe that the plan of the city council and the parks commission, as outlined in the *news* columns in this issue of THE CYMBAL, will handle the situation effectively and solve the problem.

Pointing Proudly

We are inordinately proud of the cover on this year's Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL. We are proud, to be honest about it, of the time and interest and labor others put in to the accomplishment of it.

Chronologically the praise goes something like this: To Howard Timbers, who first suggested a sheet of original manuscript by Bach as the background. Next, to Lynda Sargent, editor of the special edition, who mullied it over in her fervent mind and finally concluded that it would be the thing to do. To Ben Schafer who put his artistic brain and hand to work on the consummation of the idea and who journeyed to San Francisco to find just the right copy of the right piece of manuscript. To Jessica Fredericks, head of the music department of the San Francisco library, who just about literally turned her department upside down to place at Ben's disposal the complete file of copies of Bach's manuscripts. To Clem Albers, cameraman extraordinary of the San Francisco Chronicle, who photographed the manuscript and made the necessary glossy print (two of them, in fact, because one was lost in the mails). To Stan Delaplane of the Chronicle, who jumped to fulfill demands contained in frantic telegrams when we found the print was lost. To Ben, again, and Porter Halsey for the final accomplishment in the combination of ink and paper. And,

Police Now Have Radio; Criminals Prostrated

Our ardent chief of police and his boss, Police Commissioner Frederick R. Bechdolt, are happy now. Carmel's two-way police radio system is in operation. It's lots of fun and the boys dart around town talking into the air at each other in great fashion. Bechdolt predicts that the activities of kidnapers, bank robbers, hold-up men and criminals generally, who have been operating 24 hours a day without a break in our community for the past year, will be definitely curtailed. Women may now go out after dark alone, lost dogs will be found, misplaced glasses recovered and wandering children returned home. The price of this surety of peace and mental calm has cost to date about \$2,900 and is going up as the days go by.

+ + +

Historic old Fiddletown, now Oleta, in the Mother Lode country will stage a homecoming festival July 22, reports the California State Automobile Association. Former residents will be welcomed with a program including a parade and other festive features.

with unstinted praise, to Ben Schafer once more, for his artistic conception in the designing and execution of the drawing of Johann Sebastian Bach which has been our standard emblem of the edition for the past three years.

We, in that vicarious manner which is becoming more and more a habit with the increasing interest of others in the creation of THE CYMBAL, are inordinately proud of the cover this year, and far beyond words are we proud of the edition into which Lynda Sargent has poured her genius and her energy. She has created, we believe, the most beautiful edition of a weekly newspaper ever to have left a press.

—W. K. B.

ANNA KATZ

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Now the last piece of copy for the special Edition lies in the forms, ready to sprout from linotype slugs, with their back-side-to-letters and the faces of all the artists sort of inside-out into a newspaper which I justly hope will be neither back-side-to nor inside-out. I creep under the shako of the little man with the cymbals and while, with one bulging eye I watch the really thrilling business of making the words so laboriously and so self-consciously battered out of this typewriter bloom into the dignity of print, I relax and think it all over. Here in this familiar spot—the column that has become so dear to me through the generosity of my editor—I lose the sense of strain, of not being able to find the right adjective for the right person; of fear that hierarchy has got somehow in reverse and the feeling that the hierarchy doesn't matter, really, but that the simple effort of the single person wrought into unity is all that counts; of discouragement that I might have done it better, and then that holy hope of all men that next time . . . next time . . .

All these things pass and the little incidents that have made the job exciting and sometimes downright hilarious, come crawling in under the shako with me, the scrapbook items of "I cover the Festival."

First there was Bertha and the rattlesnake. I had told Bertha—Bertha's face was tanned some centuries back by African suns and her intelligence and wisdoms caught up as her forebears passed through the simian-ridden bushes—that on hot days at the Log House she perhaps had better look where she stepped. The bald truth that there are rattlesnakes living under my woodbox who take their sunbaths even as you and I, had seemed a little too naked for the sensibilities of Bertha and I confess I had

glossed over the facts. Anyhow, there was Bertha one day while I was first getting dope on who's who and trying to avoid calling Russell Horton's tenor "golden," sweeping off the back porch. All around were my beautiful dancing grasses, left unmown for their utter grace against the great backdrop of the south coast—but dry, dry. And right there, where the grasses were rustling sweet susurrations to flame, Bertha looked and lo! she saw. Mr. and Mrs. *Serpent a Sonnette* (so delicious, the French, to call the things at the back of the snake "bells") unblinking in nude phantasy of sun. Bertha didn't even bother with what wisdom she had acquired in Africa. She dashed into the kitchen and got a box of those long kitchen matches. She lighted many of them. She threw them at the *Serpent a Sonnette* family in the fine abandon of her race. When the neighbors came to put the fire out—and it swithering hungrily around and around the Big Sur—Bertha was plodding around meditatively with a bucket of soapuds and a teacup and a forest fire.

Then one morning came the letters from Madame Ehlers and Ary Van Leeuwen, printed somewhere in this paper. These are really great people. It doesn't matter so much to me, I readily confess, that they are great performers, as they are. But that they are fine enough people to sit down and write so charmingly to someone unknown to them and unimportant, constitutes one of those little data of life that make it an excursion into felicity. Pinned to the corner of Mr. Van Leeuwen's script is a sketch, home-made I'm sure of himself playing the flute. And all for me and my scrapbook. These foolish things . . . how good they are!

There were twin fawns under the lee of a red hill in the green dawn shadow, falling westward, of a small redwood.

And Marjorie Kumer—"We Claim this Heritage"—just back

from Italy with her memories of the festivities of music skirting about her Asoia villa, ready to write us about them. (She had a hand-loomed Lanz Austria suit in her handbag . . . now that is mine, too, because it seemed to fit the spirit of festival—and me.)

And yesterday, Kathryn's verse, here given. With it came a letter. Kathryn was homecoming from New York on a day coach and the poem grew as the wheels spun from Niagara Falls to Ogden, Utah. "The opus," Kathryn writes, "was written to a coach fare ensemble somewhat stuck together by humidity, very dusty, sleepless and tourist to the teeth. Babies crawled over it and the arid middle country baked it to an ether-unconsciousness." From every word this galant girl puts down on paper or utters by palate, comes flowing courage like a spring rain—her life a diastole, expanding in profound rhythms.

And Steve's face—Steve Patterson from Constantinople, who brews a nectar in the early morn to set the day upon, compound of smile and mocha and java, served in the pleasant mugs of truck drivers going to work.

But now the beautiful music lies ahead. I can forget Schweitzer. Forget that I do not know a descending fifth. From under the shako I am not editor. I am an open pore in immensity. In me a flute sonata, the withering plain of a harpichord, the *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*, will find indubious lodgment. —LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

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MARY AGNES GRIGSBY AND MOTHER LEAVE MONDAY FOR WEDDING

Mrs. Louise Grigby and her daughter, Mary Agnes, with Mrs. Arthur C. Smiley, Jr., of Pacific Grove, leave Monday for Bride's Crossing, Massachusetts, where Mary Agnes will be married Friday, August 4, to Ensign MacKinnon Lansdowne, U.S.N. The wedding will take place near the country home of Ensign Lansdowne's step-mother, Mrs. James Carwell.

Mrs. Grigby and her party are leaving by train along the southern route to New Orleans where they will board the S. S. Dixie for New York.

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DAVID ELDRIDGE PLANS TO PUT ON A PLAY

David Eldridge is going to do a play. He plans it for a final wind-up to the summer season on August 24. The name of it is "House Guests" by Francesca Falk Miller. It has already been produced in Hollywood and David says it is a clever play, and it still will be, believe it or not, when he gets through with it. A number of Hollywood people will come up to play in it, among them Ara Haswell. David is already at work on what promises to be an unusual stage set.

And more: a part of the proceeds are to be given to the emergency fund at Sunset School.

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Ready-for-mailing Copies of CYMBAL'S Bach Festival Edition Will Be on Sale Today and Tomorrow in front of the Post Office.

Cymbal's "Constant Eater" Writes Story Of Peninsula for Travel Booklet

The latest edition of "Lodging for a Night," the motorists' guide to overnight stopping places, written by Duncan Hines, author of the widely popular "Adventures in Good Eating," contains a thumbnail sketch of the Monterey Peninsula. We give it to you here for two reasons: because it is of possible interest to visitors in our midst this week and because it was written by the "Constant Eater" of THE CYMBAL whose other name is Dorothea Castelhun.

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The best way to enjoy the charm of Monterey Peninsula with its fascinating blend of romance, history and natural beauty is to take the famous Seventeen Mile Drive. If it's a sunny day you'll understand afterwards why tourists leave reluctantly and why so many come back to live here. On this drive, which follows the irregular outline of the peninsula, you'll see swanky Del Monte hotel . . . the waterfront of Monterey with picturesque old Fishermen's Wharf and its colorful fleet of sardine boats . . . many old adobes dating from colonial times when Monterey was the first capital of California . . . marvelous views of the blue bay with its crescent shore and the Santa Cruz mountains . . . historic landmarks, including many of California's famous "firsts"—Colton Hall, where the first state constitution was drafted; First Theater, still used for hilariously given plays by the modern Troupers of the Gold Coast; first Custom House, and others. You'll catch glimpses of enchanting gardens as beautiful as when the Spanish grandees lived their romantic, lavishly hospitable lives; and perhaps you'll remember the lacy shadow of trailing pepper tree fronds against sunny old adobe walls long after you've forgotten Monterey's historic data. . . You'll see neat little Pacific Grove, the town where John Steinbeck wrote "Tortilla Flat" . . . You'll have to pay four bits to get through the toll gate into exclusive Pebble Beach but it's worth it to see the world-famous Monterey cypresses, wind-blown into weird shapes . . . Bird Rock . . . Seal Rock and its colony of playful lions . . . much-photographed Midway Point . . . the costly marble palace of the Crocker family . . . Del Monte Lodge where movie stars vacation . . . You'll come

to Carmel, called the "paradise for writers and artists," where you'll get glimpses of charming little homes half hidden among the trees . . . streets without sidewalks . . . a mile-long beach of the whitest sand in the world . . . the house where Lincoln Steffens died . . . and down close to the sea in a rock house with a tower built by his own hands the home of America's foremost poet, Robinson Jeffers . . . You'll see Carmel's business district with trees in the middle of a steep main street at the foot of which the ocean rises in a blue wall; where tourists are delighted by shops as varied and self-consciously quaint as ingenious architects can make them. . . If you could stay long enough you'd find that an unusually cultured, mentally alert class of visitors and residents is drawn here by the flourishing little theatre group, a community art gallery and the annual Bach Festival, as well as by the lure of Carmel's exquisite natural beauty . . . South of Carmel you'll find the old Carmel Mission, second of the many started by Father Serra, whose bones rest in a sculptured sarcophagus visited every year by thousands of the faithful.

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SHE HAS FIVE FEMALE PUPS; YOU GUESS THEIR NAMES

Grant Stephenson tells us this one—but you know Grant. He says his wire-haired fox terrier, Happy, became a mother the other day and the offspring numbered five. And they are all girls. Their names? You guessed it—Yvonne, Marie, Emilie, Annette and Cecile.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG HAS BOOK OF POEMS OUT

"Pacific Light," a new book of poems by Charlotte Kellogg, is fresh off the presses of Anderson House and already in Monterey Peninsula bookshops. Charlotte Kellogg is Mrs. Vernon Kellogg of Carmel Highlands and although

many of her poems have appeared at intervals in *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poetry* and other magazines, this is the first time any of them have been published in book form.

From all accounts, and several have been coming to us, these poems have much to recommend them and we are eagerly waiting to lay our hands on a copy.

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CARMEL DRUG STORE

Static electricity created in wheel hubs when the car is being operated sometimes interferes with the quality of car radio reception, reports the California State Auto-

mobile Association.

On the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

Col. T. B. Taylor Now Commander Of Carmel Legion

Col. T. B. Taylor is to command the American Legion Carmel Post No. 512 for the coming year. Selection of officers took place at the clubhouse last Monday night. Others elected are Thomas Riley of Point Lobos, first vice-commander; Otto Bardarson, second vice-commander; Gabriel Burnette, finance officer; Jack Canoles, chaplain; Billy Burke, sergeant-at-arms, and James H. Thoburn, historian.

The board, by the way, passed a resolution of praise and commendation for Thoburn's heroic efforts at the beach last Sunday.

The executive committee is as follows: Captain Shelburn Robinson, Commander M. J. Peterson, Peter Elliott, Ernest Morehouse and L. E. Gottfried.

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"Tatters" To Open Again Tonight

"Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch," is all set to open at California's First Theater in Monterey tonight, and will play tomorrow night and Sunday, July 14, 15 and 16.

Our own Jessie Joan Brown plays the title role of "Tatters," otherwise known as Titania Timberlake. George Smith plays Major Timberlake, Gordon Knoles takes the part of Robert Ferris, a half-breed Indian, Milt Latham plays John Marston, Billy Shepard, Phil Dolan, a squatter, Bob Bratt, Abe Witherpoon, another squatter, Louis Dubin, Moose Lilyblossom, servant at the Gulch, Verne Williams, Jacob Kew, a land speculator, and he will also play Sheriff Gorgas, Del Page does Sneed Fern, Betty Bryant will be Mrs. Timothy Timberlake, and Melba Hodges, Clementine Fairlace. The cast is a large one, all your favorite Troupers are in it, and Spud Gray is Master of Ceremonies.

Casting an eye over the olio, we're happy to see that Milt Latham is back again with his "Schnitzelbank." They'll do "Ferdinand," "Los Angeles," "Experience," and the "Bushes." Spud Gray will lead you through a round of songs to the detriment of your vocal chords and there will be a Calypso staged by Billie McCon.

formed by Winifred Howard and Ellen Skadan. Spud Gray, Bob Bratt and Gordon Knoles are putting on "The Hangtown Boys," and these will be numbers by Jessie

Joan, Connie Bell and Bob Bratt. Altogether it sounds exactly like what you meant to order to put the crowning touch on the week-end. —M. W.

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Personalities & Personals

Among the parties being given for Mary Agnes Grigsby before her departure for the East next Monday and her subsequent marriage to Ensign MacKinnon Lansdowne, U.S.N., will be an intimate dinner given tonight by Miss Helen Woolsey. On Sunday, Mrs. Frank Hilton of Pebble Beach is entertaining Mary Agnes and a number of her friends at dinner at Rancho Carmelo.

Paul Dougherty, honorary member of the Bohemian Club, will attend the two weeks' High Jinks which begin tomorrow with the "Cremation of Care" and go on from there. Lawrence Tibbett and Jascha Heifetz will attend this year's festivities.

House guests of Mrs. Agnes Rushworth and her son, Bill, over the long July 4 week-end, were Mr. and Mrs. George Wohlgemuth and Alfred and Dick of Huntington Park; Mr. and Mrs. William Schafer of San Jose, and Herbert Barilati of San Mateo.

Henry Varnum Poor, internationally-known muralist from New York, was the guest of Mrs. Vernon Kellogg at Carmel Highlands last week after he had come out from the East to serve on the jury that made the awards at the art exhibition at Treasure Island recently. His daughter Anne, who came with him, is remaining on

this week as the guest of Mrs. Kellogg and Jean.

Mrs. Karl Mathiot went to San Francisco on Tuesday to attend the funeral of Karl's cousin, Summerfield Norwood, which took place Wednesday afternoon. Norwood, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, but for the past 15 years a resident of San Francisco, was general manager of the Pacific Employer's Insurance Company. He was also a well known golfer and had many friends here on the Peninsula. His death occurred suddenly Sunday night and was accidental.

Loa Lloyd, after a gay Saturday night in San Francisco with Gay Martin and some South American friends, returned to Carmel Sunday bearing Gay triumphantly along. Gay returned to Palo Alto yesterday. The girls rode horseback, swam at the Roman Plunge and had fun generally.

Charlie Reyer is back again for this week from Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Gentry and Carl von Saltza hurried up to Tulare last Wednesday, called by the sudden and serious illness of Dr. John von Saltza, Carl's younger brother and second son of Mrs. Gentry, who received his medical degree only this spring.

George Macbeth left Carmel last Wednesday for St. Louis. He'll be gone indefinitely, but may see us again next year.

Top-scorers in last Monday night's bridge at the Mission Ranch Club were Ivy Oeschger and Dr. Ray Brownell. Mrs. Ann Mitchell

Douglas Camps in Full Swing Up Carmel Valley

Douglas Camps, up in the assured sunshine of Carmel Valley, opened for their 14th summer season July 6. Scores of boys and girls were brought in special cars by rail from the south and by automobiles from various other parts of the country. A group of 15 counsellors, college-trained men and women, who have had many years of experience in working with children and in specializing in different sports, are in charge of the groups under the direction of Grace Douglas and Dick Collins.

The campers are being taught such individual sports as riding, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, swimming and badminton each morning. After rest hour group games provide the fun for the afternoon, followed by dramatics, crafts, newspaper work, hikes, nature study, singing and such special events as a circus, treasure hunts on horseback and attending the Salinas Rodeo. The evenings are made interesting with barbecues, singing and dramatics.

and Mrs. Edna Springer were second.

Anne Martin is away on a motor trip which will take her to her old home in Nevada and visiting friends. She will be out of town about a month.

PAUL DOUGHERTY WINS "BEST MARINE" AWARD

A Paul Dougherty canvas won "best marine in the show" at the

Grand Central Gallery show in New York City last month. There were 246 pictures and pieces of sculpture represented in this exhibition.

GREETINGS

to our
Beach Festival Friends

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The area is a little over a lot and a half, or over 6,000 square feet. Ample for a roomy home. Land inferior to this in situation is selling for \$3,500, and \$4,000 for a single lot

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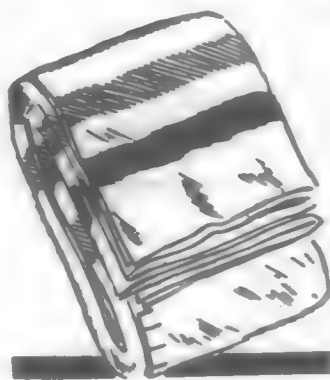
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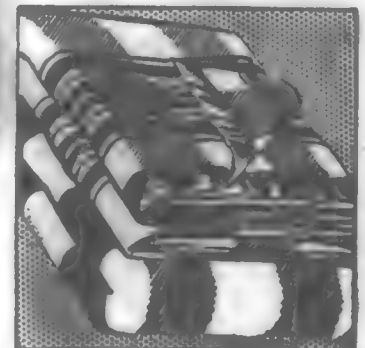
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AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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News dispatches relate that the German textile control has banned the word "shorts" as of foreign origin. The shorts themselves are not banned.

Now, the Nazi command has but recently banned
Certain words that are not to its liking.
It has bridled at "shorts" for those panties of sorts
That the frauleins put on to go hiking.
It can stand for the pants, but it does look askance
At the name they were given by strangers.
For it wants to be sure that the language stays pure,
And we all know that shorts have their dangers.

If the pants are all right it should not evince fright
Over matters of mere nomenclature.
It's a very slight threat that the nation should get
Out of things of so simple a nature.
We could quite understand if the Nazis had banned
Them as drapes for Germania's figure,
For that high handed act might be caused by the fact
That they make certain parts appear bigger.

By most any old name you will find them the same,
"And the man who denies it speaks twaddle.
They exhibit the limbs of the hers to the hims
And they sometimes exhibit the waddle.
Such a fearless display quite conceivably may
Be a threat to the race they call Aryan
For a show of grim truth to the eyes of its youth
Might discourage the fellows from marryin'.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Far be it from me to try to tell the American Bar Association whether it should or should not have an active Committee on Civil Liberties. Our attorneys, whose business it is to guide the rest of us through the legal pathways of life, ought to be capable of deciding such things for themselves. If they aren't, then what good are they?

But it does seem to me that at present nothing is so important in this country as vigilance over the liberties guaranteed in the Bill of Rights. All over the world liberty is on the decline. In some nations it has been crushed down from above. In others it has been pulled down from below. And everywhere it is being called into question. People are asking if it is not outmoded, if it will work in a machine-ordered world such as we see today.

Like the Spanish influenza of war times the curtailment of liberty has spread over the face of Europe and is sending its germs across the sea to us. We have seen it cause death and destruction abroad and we know that the end is not yet in sight here. And unless we combat it with every power available we may find that it will run through us over here very much as did the deadly flu.

It won't announce itself by more than a sneeze. It won't stalk into Congress, demand and get repeal of the Bill of Rights, and then proceed to tell us all to get in line or else. If it tried that we'd have no trouble combating it. But it doesn't work that way.

It comes rather wearing the mask of piety and the cloak of patriotism. It starts its action against unpopular causes, unpleasant or troublesome people—reds, agitators, Nazi bunders—denying them the rights supposedly guaranteed to all. And since we don't like such people very much, and in many cases they themselves don't profess to think much of liberty till they are in a jam, we are likely to yawn and murmur, "Oh well, those fellows had it coming anyhow."

But we can't afford to do that. For in allowing the foes of liberty to tear down the wall of civil rights in order to attack unpopular people we permit a breach by which

they can attack all of us. The important thing isn't that some Bundler or Communist is sent to jail or deported illegally but that a bit of our own liberty's structure goes to jail or is deported with him.

Destruction of civil rights works two ways. The same break in the wall which allows us to get at some man who threatens our property rights may shortly be used by the other side to get at those property rights themselves. And creating that break in order to deal with some subversive is to substitute subversive actions of our own for his subversive words.

"Suppose the forces of Harry Bridges want us to go in as window dressing when his case opens," asks the Bar Association's Robert Carey. "Shall we go in?" That is the Association's own business and its convention should be competent to decide it. But I am inclined to wonder if in case denial of Constitutional rights is involved, intervention to preserve them for just such a man as Bridges might not be excellent window dressing for the highly respectable Bar Association itself.

Personalities and immediate issues are bound to affect our thinking in such cases. So are our own economic interests. But behind them all, and infinitely more important, are fundamental principles whose altering would change our whole structure of life. We have to guard them even if in doing so we allow someone whom we dislike to escape a fate which down in our hearts we wouldn't greatly mind seeing overcome him. For if we don't we might as well begin practicing the goose step here and now.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BRIDGES

San Francisco has three famous bridges.

One goes across the bay.
One goes across the Golden Gate.
And one goes to Angel Island,
and may go clear to Australia if his deportation hearing goes against him.

NOT A BOCK FESTIVAL

Pity the poor fellow who, hearing that there was a Bach Festival in Carmel, hastened here only to find that there wasn't a single pic-

ture of a goat in a bar-room window.

UNBALANCE OF TRADE

There has been a lot of talk lately about foreign menaces to American markets. Germany, for instance, whom most of us don't like very much anyhow, is said to be making serious efforts to undermine our trade with South America, using her barter system for the purpose. Or to put it less belligerently and more fairly, Germany wants to barter with people to whom we want to sell. And we don't like it.

But on the whole we haven't much to complain about. We are the only nation in the world today with a favorable balance of trade of any particular proportions. We sell more to other countries than any other nation. For every six dollars' worth of goods we send abroad we import only four dollars' worth, and consequently we are doing less to support the world's markets than any other nation.

That should satisfy us if a favorable balance of trade means anything. But unfortunately the term "favorable balance" is a misnomer. For when we say that our balance is favorable we mean that we are getting for a good proportion of our exports either gold, of which we have an embarrassing amount already, or credits. And if credits are not satisfied in goods, whose inclusion in the transaction would alter the balance completely.

We export real wealth—things which in many cases our own people could use if they had some way of buying them in addition to what they are buying already—and in return we get fewer things, plus promises, either in gold or in paper. Nor can we collect on these promises till we are willing to reverse the balance and buy more abroad than we sell.

We are inclined to forget that foreign trade is simply trading—swapping, if you like. The gold system and the workings of international finance may facilitate it and broaden its scope, but the fundamental fact remains. What we do when we trade abroad is to provide our nation and its people with things that cannot be produced economically at home—particularly raw materials—in return for things of which we can produce a surplus.

Over a long period we will only sell abroad about as much as we buy abroad. For some time we have been beating the game by collecting gold, just as at one time we beat it by collecting promises to pay. But just as the promises to pay soured on us a few years ago so the gold will certainly sour on us if we don't manage to get it back into world channels again. And to get it back into world channels we must trade it either for promises to pay, which may again go sour, or for goods—which means an "unfavorable" balance of trade.

Regardless of what Germany or Japan or anyone else may do we are eventually going to have to be satisfied with a better balanced ratio of exports to imports. But this need not worry us. For the important thing is not "favorable balances," which have by now become embarrassing unbalances, but greater volume, both of exports and imports.

Securing this greater volume is what we have to work for. For if we do not work for it, and work hard and intelligently, the true balance which is inevitable may come through a reduction of our exports rather than an increase of our imports. And that would be serious. It would have the same effect upon those of our industries which produce for export, and upon their

employees, as the falling off in domestic buying power has had upon those industries which produce for home consumption.

Here is our foreign trade problem, then. And its answer would seem to lie in one of two things, or in a combination of them. Either we must increase the volume of imports, by subsidy or barter or use of our gold reserve, or we must reduce the price of goods exported, again by subsidy or some other means that will preserve the solvency of the exporter—since of course we can't expect the individual to bankrupt himself in the interest of an ideal, no matter how practical that ideal may be from a general standpoint.

But whatever we do we cannot afford to let cotton and wheat and gold and promises to pay pile up on us while the structure of foreign trade bogs down.

TAX PAYMENT BY PRODUCTION

Operating Supplies

Shortly I plan to review the theory of my plan for restoring prosperity and national solvency by allowing industry to pay its Federal taxes by increasing production. For since it is a new idea it will need considerable reiteration and clarification. I hope you can stand it.

Now I want to take up the question of how a flat increase in production would affect the flow of materials and supplies within industry. Suppose all industry increased its production by 20 per cent in response to a Tax in Kind, wouldn't it cause all sorts of dislocations as between various types of products?

In so far as materials and semi-finished goods which go into the actual composition of things sold to the public are concerned it should not. But in relation to coal and lubricants and electric power and other things which merely support production it might. Let me illustrate.

If you were manufacturing shoes, and if the tax demand called for a 20 per cent increase in the number you turned out, you'd need 20 per cent more leather and lining material and thread and nails and eyelets and laces. But you would not need an even 20 per cent more coal, and oil and electricity and office stationery.

In almost all cases the increased demand for such operating supplies would be less than the rate of the tax, since with an increase in output the efficiency of most industrial operations would increase. Yet a blanket Tax in Kind would call upon a power company, for instance, to give a manufacturer a full 20 per cent discount.

There would be no difficulty about making collection for government account on operating supplies. For while they do not go to the market physically they do go there financially, their cost being included in the price of those goods in whose production they are used. The sales tax collected from the man who sold to the consumer—in most, though not in all, cases the retailer—would cover the tax on them quite as much as the tax on things which actually passed over a counter.

But their production wouldn't increase in the same proportion. And while this discrepancy would be made up for in good part by capital goods subsidies, tax relief, and the fact that the furnisher of operating supplies too would be operating at a higher efficiency rate, there would still be a drag. For while the output of a power company, for instance, would go up perhaps ten per cent that company

would be granting a 20 per cent tax discount. How would this be compensated for?

It would have to be compensated for just as such things are compensated for today, by a rise in the price of operating supplies sufficient to bring their furnisher's total net income back to normal. Power rates would have to go up to the point where the manufacturer paid for all his electric current, including the amount supplied through the tax discount, as much as he does for the smaller amount of power which he is using today.

But that would not put the manufacturer at a disadvantage. He would be paying as much for all power as he does now, but not more than that. And he would be getting enough to sustain a 20 per cent greater production. So he would not lose anything, and he would not have to increase the price of his product.

There might be a more or less general rise in the unit price of operating supplies at first. But it would not approximate the tax percentage, and it would not reach through to the consumer. However, I do not mean to say that any such rise would be prescribed. Nothing would be prescribed under the Tax Payment by Production system except the tax rate. The same natural forces which today rule any free market would bring it about where it was necessary.

There would be in the proposed system nothing that interfered with the regular working of the market processes. The idea is not to regulate those processes but to increase the efficiency of the economic system's working to a point where greater rather than less industrial freedom would be possible.

Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin and a few of our own radicals and reactionaries may see the only hope for economic adequacy in a curtailment of individual and property rights. I don't. I see it rather in the freeing of natural forces far more powerful than forced labor or regimented industry, in the orderly increase of production and its support of, and by, hitherto untapped markets within our own population.

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With all this feverish concentration, or as Lynda prefers it, concentration on the spiritual feast of music so close at hand, I approach rather doubtfully my weekly task of writing this column. You see, while it rambles hither and yon in pleasant irresponsibility, nevertheless it considers itself dedicated to the earthly subject of food. I can't help wondering if this won't strike a jarring note in our beautiful Bach Festival edition. Feeding the soul on those wonderfully satisfying harmonies of the great master, who will want to descend from such rarefied regions to satisfy the needs of the lower man? Well, frankly, if you ask me, I think the answer is 99 and 94/100 per cent of all those who are in Carmel for the Bach Festival! That number at least will probably eat their usual three meals a day, and enjoy the music exactly as much. I've been told that singers don't perform on full stomachs, to put it crudely, but after the concert is over, don't they have to eat like any ordinary mortal? As for the rest of the performers, with violins and pianos and trumpets, as far as I can judge, they look about the same as anyone else, certainly on an average just as well nourished. And those who listen rapt to the heavenly strains will have satisfied the inner physical man at least to the point where he won't distract their attention by clamoring for food. In short, no matter what else we feed on spiritually, we go right on eating material food.

Bach himself could scarcely have created such a prodigious number of mental to say nothing of physical offspring had he not consumed plenty of the hearty dishes so beloved of all Germans. His was surely not the crabbed nature of the lean dyspeptic; only those who are well fed display the patience and loving affection which we are told made Bach's family life so happy and serene. And the magnificent blossoming of his genius, like our rarest specimens of flowers, had its roots; you might say, nourished probably by the same sort of common food as was consumed by the man producing nothing more spiritual than horseshoes or leather aprons. On such ordinary, unromantic fare as beer, cheese, sauerkraut and coarse rye bread Sebastian Bach wrote the magnificent music which is still a marvel and a delight today. Whereas, alas, even if I lived on nothing but nightingales' tongues and larks' breasts I could never write a single bar of real music!...

But since those who come to Carmel for the Bach Festival do have to eat, they are particularly fortunate to have so many delightful places for their meals. Those who are happiest with shining linen... flower-decked tables—prompt and formal waiters... the quiet and relaxing comfort of tables not too close together... delicious food—there are our hotels, La Ribera, Pine Inn and La Playa.

Those who have thirsted in their souls for a sight of the sea may find their greater feast spread before them outside the wide windows of Highlands Inn and Peter Pan Lodge on their rocky hillside a few miles

south of Carmel...

For those who want excellent coffee, a crisp salad, or a nourishing sandwich, we have shining dairies all streamlined as to furnishings and all smile-wreathed as to clerks: on Ocean avenue are the Carmel Dairy, with its delightful murals by Jo Mora, Walt Pilot's, McDonald's and Blewett's, and on Dolores the Del Monte Dairy.

Those visitors with a spirit of adventure can find a different place to eat every day of the week and get good meals all the way. Carmel has a variety to offer them. Normandy Inn, where you help yourself to the first course from a buffet of tempting hors d'oeuvres and on sunny days may eat on the rock patio outside: the Blue Bird, farther up the street; Sadé's, upstairs over what was originally Helen Wilson's Bloomin' Basement and specializing in good steaks broiled over charcoal: De Loe's attractive place with its tiny flower-decked sidewalk cafe: a few steps up on the same side, Williams' restaurant, blue and white and silver: Whitney's, part of the old as well as the new Carmel, and the best of both: Steve's Chop House on San Carlos, the meals hot and hearty and the Hestwood murals worth a special visit: Ella's Southern Kitchen, with hot biscuits and fried chicken among the spreading oaks back of the city park: Reynolds' Coffee Shop, on San Carlos just off Ocean: Alpine Inn on Dolores: Asia Inn, also on Dolores, the only Chinese food in Carmel: the Village Sandwich Shop on Seventh between Dolores and San Carlos, and Bishop's tiny place on San Carlos just north of Ocean. Those who feel the day incomplete without their afternoon tea will find Jane's Cake Shop on Dolores delightful for a quiet English tea with scones or toast or cakes, or the Nell Gwyn on Ocean near the post office. Only a few minutes' ride from Ocean avenue, in a lovely setting at the mouth of the Carmel Valley not far from the sand dunes and sea, is the Mission Ranch Club dining room where the meals served by Mrs. Addie McKnight have become famous...

There may be fog some days next week drifting softly through our sturdy oaks and among ragged pines. If you do not like the cool grayness those will be good days to go farther afield in search of food and sunshine; both may be found up the lovely winding Carmel Valley. White Oak Inn and Rancho Carmelo, on the floor of the valley, lie between peaceful rounded hills warm in the sunshine and close to the Carmel River trickling, summer-slim, among the trees that protect the course of its graceful loops: on the other side, high up on a spur of the mountains, the dining room of Robles del Rio hangs like a glass cage and commands a fascinating valley view of airplane proportions.

But take one of those mornings when there is no fog to dim the shouting blue of the Pacific and the breakers catch the sunshine and toss it against the rocky headlands in dazzling spray—take a morning like that and drive down the coast

to the Big Sur, 27 miles south of Carmel. Lynda has written the story of the coast road so adequately and so utterly beautifully that I wish everyone might read it before starting forth on that incredible shelf which man has nibbled out of the steep flanks of the coast mountains.

In sunny Big Sur Valley, on the lovely winding road through the redwoods, you can enjoy a delicious home-cooked chicken dinner at Ripplewood... A few minutes' ride south of the Big Sur Lodge, Loma Vista Inn perches high on the side of the canyon, with a sunny terrace where you may enjoy both material and spiritual food at the same time.

You can ride 20 golden morning-drenched miles into the sun for breakfast at Roger's Redwood Camp, sitting on a hewn-out log with your toes almost in the river.

At the Big Sur Lodge itself there is a back veranda where one may sit out of doors on a warm day and eat. Would I had Lynda's special gift of words to tell how beautiful it is there surrounded by the soft rich greenness, with the redwoods towering benignantly tolerant overhead, while below you, crystal clear as a mountain stream, the endlessly flowing water of the Big Sur River ripples over its rocky path to the sea.

—CONSTANT EATER

++

Carmel's Fifth Annual Bach Festival, July 17-23.

Announcement

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"Grand Illusion" Is Returning To Filmarte

"Grand Illusion" has a return engagement at the Filmarte Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 16, 17 and 18. It's a prison camp story of the war based on director Jean Renoir's own experiences. There is no war scene in the film, its theme is concerned with the simple humanities that are stronger than wars, more enduring than frontiers. A distinguished cast is headed by Eric von Stroheim. It was awarded the world's best film of the year by the National Board of Review.

If you have missed "The Citadel" be sure and see it at the Filmarte either tonight or tomorrow. It's A. J. Cronin's story, as you probably know, and Robert Donat does great things with the lead. The story has lost nothing in its picturization, and M-G-M in filming its second British-made production, has given us something of which it may well be proud. In our humble estimation, it's one of the finest pictures of the year.

+ + +

RANCHO CARMELO STEEDS IN SALINAS RODEO

Great excitement at Rancho Carmelo last Wednesday when 26 horses and the riders to ride them left in the morning for the long trek over to Salinas. They will stay there for the duration of the rodeo, the horses, not the riders. Cowboy Mac Alexander, with Philip Conway and Joe Bill, visitors from Dayton, Ohio, have been elected to stay with the horses at night and groom them for the various events. Among those who proudly rode last Wednesday morning was our young Oliver Bassett.

Guests at the ranch this week include Dr. and Mrs. Walter Halloran of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Reid, Jr., of Birmingham, Michigan, Miss Eddie Nelson, Margaret Duin and Lillian Layton of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ledwidge of Los Angeles, and the Misses Hazel and Merle Bode of San Francisco.

TILLY POLAK SHOWING ELWOOD GRAHAM'S PAINTINGS

The paintings of Elwood Graham, young modernist from "over the hill," whose work has been praised more than once in THE CYMBAL columns, will be shown at Tilly Polak's beginning today and continuing for at least a month. There will be 22 or 24 of them, all oils. Miss Polak has sent out beautifully restrained announcements, but there's nothing restrained about her enthusiasm!

Diastole

Harvesting in the heart the circumstance of time,
life promises at its close the cipher of forgetfulness.
After April, and the grass tides deepening,
comes the riptide of gleaming.
Separate, entire, each blade is a sheaf
to bind my season and violate the year's eclipse.
Let me hold the rhythm of the growing grass, of the full tide,
let me be I, pulsing between the fields of now and no more,
winnowing the seed for tomorrow's sack.

O let me stare on jubilation a time!
Too soon my yesterdays are panthers treading on tomorrow,
and tomorrow is so near.
I am not ready for the sequence of hungry springs
after the eaten loaves,
I am not reconciled to crumbs.
Not yet the onyx eyes and binding tape,
my hands folded together like the broken fragments of a bowl.
Not yet the pebblewords falling a last time out of my throat.
Not yet the unanswerable song of the scythe.
Not yet.

My heart feels all of this . . .
and yet it draws the alien corpse
inevitably and full.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

EMINENT MUSICIAN HERE FOR BACH FESTIVAL

Dr. Nicolai Malko, eminent European conductor who has conducted at Salzburg, for the Prague Symphony Orchestra and for the symphony orchestras of Copenhagen and London, and who is giving a course in conducting at Mills College this summer, is in Carmel for Bach Festival week with his wife, as guests of Miss Eleanor Short. Miss Short of San Jose, who was one of the pianists who illustrated the Frankenstein lectures on the Goldberg Variations last year, is teaching this year at the Pacific Grove Summer School of Music. She also has as her guests for this important week Mr. and Mrs. Dan J. Mularkey of Portland, Oregon.

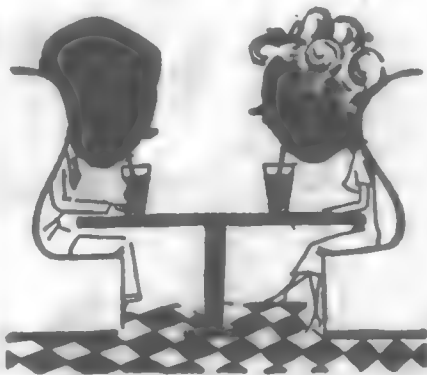
HELEN ESCOLLE TO WED KIP SILVEY

Mrs. Charles Bernhard Escolle of Mountain View announces the engagement of her daughter, Helen Catherine, to Carl Jerome (Kip) Silvey of Carmel. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Miss Escolle is the daughter of the late Charles Bernhard Escolle and the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Honore A. Escolle, prominent in Monterey County history. Silvey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Silvey, old residents of Watsonville. He is owner of Kip's Food Center in Carmel.

Mrs. Escolle and her two daughters, Adele and the bride-elect, are spending the summer in Carmel.

BEFORE ATTENDING THE BACH FESTIVAL CONCERTS



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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Sir James Barrie Veazie, a whimsical Sealyham with a great appreciation for good music, has come down from San Francisco to attend the Bach Festival. He is accompanied by his master, Dr. Henry Purcell Veazie, and daughter, Ann.

Barrie, as the highbrow young gentleman is affectionately called, likes nothing better than to listen to the radio—if a Philharmonic Orchestra is playing. Then he sits still as a statue, one ear cocked, drinking in the beauty of the music. When a passage that especially appeals to him is being played, Barrie joins in and sings softly, not raucously, like some canine singers, but in a rich true barrie-tone. (Jessie Joan, you should be fired for that one.—W. K. B.)

He says he is looking forward most anxiously to hearing the trombones being played from the balcony over the auditorium entrance. In fact, he trots around to the Sunset School every so often in the hope that he can catch the trombonists rehearsing. So far he has had no luck.

+

The Fourth of July may have been a grand and glorious day to some people, but it was a day of horror for Mickey McIntosh. He was so terrified by the noise of popguns and firecrackers, that he ran away from his home up the Carmel Valley to get away from the dreadful din.

When his master and mistress, Col. and Mrs. L. W. McIntosh, discovered that Mickey was gone, they drove all over the valley fruitlessly searching for him. They had planned to leave the next day for Yellowstone Park, but they postponed their trip to continue their search for the missing Mickey.

It was not until four days later that they finally located him, over on the Moore ranch, where at last he had found peace and quiet as far away from the terrible fireworks as he could go.

Mickey is back at the McIntosh home now, resting up from his unhappy experience.

+

Buddy Tutt, debonair San Franciscan, is spending the summer here with his owner, Mrs. E. R. Tutt.

The distinguished-looking wire-haired terrier sets many a feminine heart aflutter as he saunters up Ocean avenue, very dapper in a grey and white suit and a bright red harness.

Though a sophisticated city-dweller at heart, Buddy thoroughly enjoys the informality of village life, whether it is a romp in the garden or a neighborly call on the

Definite Feeling of Zest and Exuberance In Water Color Show at Carmel Gallery

And now you can see two new shows at the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores street, both not to be missed.

The new water color show, which includes a few pastels and tempera, went up last Monday in the south gallery. There are 33 pictures. In the warm light of this, the old gallery, there is a definite feeling of zest and exuberance the moment you enter. The jury did a good job with the hanging, giving a feeling of unity in spite of the fact that sizes vary, and subjects range.

There are two submarine fantasies by William Ritschel, both called "Coral Reef, Tahiti." They are not entirely submarine, for you gaze down into great depths of vivid water across which schools of tropical fish play. It's most amazing painting, and it's a delightful subject to paint, if you can get it. Very few painters can.

James Fitz Gerald's "Carmel Valley" looks familiar to me. I believe it is the Burta place which I have passed on horseback many times. Anyway, Fitz seems to have caught the essence of the burnt California hills as well as any painter I know, in spite of his being a Bostonian. But I rather imagine he's lived that down ages ago.

Burton Boundey has done something with figures in it this time, and it has charm. It's a small thing, of fishermen standing in a row below a wharf. Simple masses and strong color.

charming little Yorkshire across the street.

+

Marta and Mousse Da Miano are proud to say that their master, Andre Da Miano, famous photographer, is a member of the distinguished Dog Walkers Club of New York.

The membership card states that a dog or dogs of members "are given the freedom of, and rights to, all trees, poles, lamp posts, hydrants, crates, hedges, lawns, and grassy places, projecting things, fixed or unfixed, with curb privileges; and it is understood and agreed that he has read 'Walking the Dog' and will abide by all the rules and regulations and dogology therein laid down."

The officers of the organization are prominent New Yorkers:

Freddy Benham, "Grand Dogger"; Tony Sarg, "Bone Keeper"; and Lowell Thomas, "Keeper of Perch."

The "Inspectors" are: Lamp Posts, Jack Dempsey, Hydrants, Dudley Field Malone, Trees, Bob Ripley, Curbs, Roscoe Turner, Poles, Capt. Bob Bartlett, The Madison Hotel, Jim Knox.

+

Ready-for-mailing Copies of CYMBAL'S Bach Festival Edition Will Be on Sale Today and Tomorrow in front of the Post Office.

Armin Hansen's "Stranded" is one of those grey, stormy marines where the water almost literally drips. Even the wind is wet. What I wouldn't give for this!

William Watts is showing two water colors that are not so obviously done on former European travels. They may even have been done last spring when he was in Mexico, I don't know. They're vibrant, stimulating things, particularly "Kelp Pool." Things he does make life seem pure romance.

Be sure and study closely John O'Shea's amazing tempera called "Ghost Grove." Its intricate pattern is executed in superb detail, and yet a tremendous rhythm has been maintained. It is unlike any other of his work I have seen. Two of his portrait sketches punctuate the show with spice.

"Matilija Poppies" of Laura Maxwell, and Edith Maguire's "Desert Landscape" have much to recommend them. Ferdinand Burgdorff has done something different, too. Surely he can't be turning modern on us, can he? Maybe he doesn't really mean it.

Other artists whose work is represented in this show are Edda M. Heath, Leslie Wulff, Percy Gray, Roberta Balfour, Abbie Lou Bosworth, Alvin Jacob Beller, Alberte Spratt, Royden Martin, Free Dean, Margaret Ingalls, George Koch, Zenas L. Potter, Louise Jenkins, Margaret Levick and Oma Perry.

—MARJORIE WARREN

FAIR EXECUTIVES HOSTS TO 300 ARTISTS

Members of the San Francisco executive board were hosts at a luncheon held at the California building at Treasure Island recently for 300 artists, all of whom had paintings hung in that building. Among the local lights were William Ritschel, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Charlton Fortune and Burton Boundey. Thomas McGlynn of San Francisco, who is actively identified with the Carmel group, also attended. The affair was well done, with Toastmaster Eugene Neuhaus taking care of things in his usual high style and the informal talks during the luncheon not heavy enough to be considered as speeches. A Spanish orchestra played and sang for them, and, oh yes, Governor Olson was there.


+

All roads in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, are now open, according to word received by the touring bureau of the California State Automobile Association.

Rodeo events, a horse show and horse racing, and a motorcycle polo game will be special features of the Sacramento County Fair at Galt

July 27 to 30, reports the California State Automobile Association. Fair exhibits will present an impressive display of county products.

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Alice Mock Tells Of Her Love for Bach Festival

A typically lovely letter came in to the office of THE CYMBAL this morning from Alice Mock, our soprano for the Festival and a lover of Carmel through her two seasons here.

"My most difficult task," she says, "is putting anything on paper. But it is easy to express my joy and enthusiasm at being a part of the Bach Festival again. This is my third year and so I feel like an old-timer. From the first, it has been an inspiration to me—I think the most inspiring experience of my musical life because of the spirit and atmosphere of the Festival. And the music of Bach grows more beautiful with study.

"My present life is very pleasant. My main hobby is knitting and with that a very quiet life. My aims are what they have always been—to be an artist. I love concert work, working out new songs, and this year I had a most interesting and enjoyable tour in Texas, singing continuously. It was glorious.

"Next Sunday I shall be in Carmel and I do look forward to that."

A joyous welcome, Miss Mock. We have requisitioned lots of sunshine for you—blue days with little white dancing lace nightcaps on the sea and the pines dripping gold-green syrups of delight in the village. But if we have some fog, that, too, will be with graciousness and mystery, such as some of your favorite songs that you doubtless sing over and over, finding behind the films of muted sound, new meanings to invite the heart. —L. S.

GIRL SCOUTS ENDING BIG SUR CAMP

Mrs. Ernest Morehouse and Mrs. Talbert Josselyn brought the last batch of two-week-period campers to the Girl Scout camp at Big Sur last Sunday. The lot included Barbara Josselyn, Barbara Timmins, Doris Lewis, Patricia Flynn, Mary Jean Elliott, Carol Walker, Alice Morehouse, Joan Dekker, Martha Moller, Ann Hodgson and Barbara Mylar, all members of Troop 2 of which Mrs. Morehouse and Mrs. Josselyn are leaders.

Next Sunday four more campers will go down for the final week before camp closes. They will be Alyce Holm, Peri Koehler and Betty Smith, and Betty Lake, whose home and troop are in Toledo, Ohio, but who is visiting Betty Smith for the summer.

52 Whiffs a year of the flavor and tang of Carmel for One Dollar. Send THE CYMBAL to friends and relatives afar.

Blackie O'Neal Is "Outward Bound" Manager in S.F.

Carmel's Blackie O'Neal, who left us two years ago to go south on theater business, is going to San Francisco July 25 for the Stage League, Inc., as company manager of "Outward Bound," scheduled to go on at the Curran Theater for a two weeks' run.

According to Blackie, who has been watching rehearsals, the cast is going to make history on the west coast. The famous English director, Auriol Lee, is directing them and Cissie Loftus, Reginald Denny, Cora Witherspoon, Richard Cromwell and others are in the cast. Perhaps we'd better gather together a Carmel contingent and go up for it.

HAVE YOU A SPARE ROOM FOR A FESTIVAL ARTIST?

Swelling the list of names of those who have come forward and offered to do their share towards housing the artists who have come here to take part in the Fifth Annual Bach Festival are these: Mrs. J. B. Adams, Miss Lydia Weld, Miss Agnes Williston, Miss Elsa Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roper, La Ribera, La Playa, Pine Inn and Colonial Terrace.

In spite of such a generous voluntary response, however, there is still need for more rooms. If you are in a position to donate a room or two for the duration of the Festival, please call Miss Clara Kellogg at 185-R, or Mrs. Vera Peck Millis at 758.

BILL KLEINSORGE WEDS MARIE LOUISE MCKAY

Bill Kleinsorge was married last Thursday night, July 6, in San Francisco to Miss Marie Louise McKay. It was a 7 o'clock wedding at St. Brendan's church with Father John Ryan officiating. The next day they flew to Vancouver to board the Empress of Canada for a month's honeymoon in Honolulu.

The bride, who had five attendants, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Martland McKay. The bridegroom is the son of the William E. Kleinsorges of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. A number of pre-nuptial parties have been given at the Kleinsorge home on Marcheta Lane during the past few weeks.

Ukiah will be the scene of the Twelfth Agricultural District Fair and Horse Show July 21 to 23, reports the California State Automobile Association. Farm exhibits will compete for an attractive list of awards. Local and visiting horse fanciers and stockmen will vie for honors in show classes.

Univ. of Chicago Class of 1871 Meets Here!

We get all kinds of funny information volunteered over the telephone. For instance, did you ever know there was a "Class of 1871" of the University of Chicago? And did you know that it had a re-union some place in Pebble Beach this last week and also at Outlands, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders? And did you know that on Wednesday it selected a "Miss Chicago" and on Thursday was to have picked a bathing beauty from among its numbers? Further, we understand that the class members in the re-union had forgotten the college songs, and somebody who is an alumnus or an alumna of the hated University of Illinois, got under a davenport some way and sang the Chicago songs—deridingly, we hear.

Any further information can be obtained from Mrs. Althea Grossman of St. Louis, class secretary, who is at Sea View Inn right now.

Spud Gray Saves A Situation and Is Blessed

Thanks, Spud. At least a million. Yesterday we had a most important guest to entertain and we, being from out of town and no available firelight and candlewick of our own for tea for four, stood on Ocean avenue and stared passionately up and down. We felt simply terrible about it all, for thinking of our own great logs at home and of how this occasion needed above all the home atmosphere. We could easily have sunk through asphalt, cement, anthracite, and large slabs of carborundum, whatever that is.

Then we saw you, with candlelight in your eyes and great pots of strong tea and buttered toast shining on your cheeks. Why, of course . . . of course . . . let me telephone . . . just a minute . . . hello . . . we must have a firelight and tea . . .

It was precisely as specified, Spud. All there, and five lumps of sugar for each cup of the important guest's tea, which seems to us somehow to illustrate what one small man can do for Society.

—M. DeW.

Carmel's Fifth Annual Bach Festival, July 17-23.

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YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 3,000 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1416 dwellings. We tolerate 164 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1000 humans. Dogs 187. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel

Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 400 humans. Dogs 88.

That gives us about 4,400 human beings and 1,572 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are: Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Herbert Heron.

Commissioner of Police and Light—Frederick R. Bechdolt.

Commissioner of Streets—Clara Kellogg.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Hazel Watrous.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson. Police Judge—George F. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Helling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fratties, Leslie Overhulse, Robert Walton. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m. PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Telephone 1222.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 790. Regular masses Sunday, 7, 9 and 11 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street a half block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carl J. Hulsaw, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. Wilber W. McKee, D.D., pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theatre. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Richard Bare, manager. Exceptional films shown regardless of age or origin. Evening performances 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL GUILD OF CRAFTSMEN Court of the Golden Bough on Ocean avenue is the location of the Guild shop where articles made by the various members are on sale. Guild Workshop is located on Mission street at the rear of Ella's Southern Kitchen. Here groups work at their varied crafts.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue

CARMEL MISSION MASSES

Sunday masses during the summer months held at 7, 9 and 11 o'clock. Mr. Noel Sullivan and his select choir will sing during the 11 o'clock Mass each Sunday.

and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:40 a.m. and 5:40 p.m. For all points except south (air mail), 1:40 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:40 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45

a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 12 m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.



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SAN SIMEON HIGHWAY

TO BIG SUR
STATE PARK

"The road lies along the breast of the Santa Lucias... like an old gopher snake, sunning. At morning the deer clip their sharp hooves across and the mountains stand out like peasant women, sharp-breasted in the sun, gossiping across the gorges..."

"Then we came to the redwoods, their aloof beauty touching the sky. At Big Sur Lodge, Frisky, the doe, comes curious to your hand... but she has heard her spotted fawn outside and is through the window and gone like a slender dream..."

"We ate yellow ice cream cones on the back porch where the river runs green under redwood and beech... And came back silently among the big trees... a coyote lifting one sharply pointed foot... tall lady sprays of foam flitting with rocks... shadows that purpled the hills. Home along the most beautiful road in the world, and her spell will long, long be remembered..."

—Lynda Sargent in "Clanging Cymbals"

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**School District
Signs Warrant**

The Carmel Unified School District is ready to buy the Hutton Ranch site for the Carmel High School at the drop of a hat.

At a meeting Wednesday morning the board of trustees of the district signed a warrant on the district funds in the sum of \$31,000. This warrant, with the deed to the property and a letter of instructions, has been placed in escrow with the Salinas Title and Guaranty Company. On notice to the company from the board the deal can be consummated at once.

This action has been taken because of the possibility of notification from PWA that a 45 per cent grant will be made to the district for the construction of a school building. Acceptance of such government aid is contingent on the district being prepared to start the project at once. Ownership of the site is, of course, a necessary requirement in doing this.

No word has been heard from Charles K. Van Riper, now in Honolulu, as to whether or not he will accept appointment on the board of trustees. He was named with Peter Mawdsley to the board by James G. Force, county superintendent of schools, but had left for the Islands before the appointment was made.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO OWNERS OF DOGS
Amendments to the Monterey County Dog Licensing Ordinance provide for the licensing of all dogs (outside of incorporated cities) whether confined exclusively on the premises of the owner or not.

The license fee for male or neuter dogs has been reduced to fifty cents; the fee for female dogs remains at \$3.50.

C. F. JOY, County Clerk.
July 14, 21, 28, 1939

**IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF
THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF
MONTEREY**

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE OSBORNE, Deceased. No. 6517

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by

the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Annie Osborne, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Administrator at the law office of Shelburn Robison, Tower Room, New Post Office Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated this 15th day of June, 1939.

CHARLES SIMON
Administrator of the Estate of
Annie Osborne, Deceased.
SHELburn ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA.
Date of 1st Publication: June 16, 1939.
Date of last Publication: July 14, 1939.

ORDINANCE NO. 6

**AN ORDINANCE FIXING AND
ESTABLISHING THE CONDI-
TIONS UNDER WHICH NON-
CONTRIBUTING PROPERTY
MAY BE CONNECTED WITH
SEWERS CONSTRUCTED
THROUGH SPECIAL ASSES-
SMENT PROCEEDINGS.**

WHEREAS, the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District did in its regular meeting on September 23rd, 1938, pass Resolution of Intention No. 69 providing for improvements in the Carmel Sanitary District, including the construction of a sewage treatment plant with its necessary appurtenances and certain other improvements set forth therein; and

WHEREAS, the work proposed in the said Resolution of Intention has been undertaken and will be completed; and

WHEREAS, the owners of real property within the Carmel Sanitary District as constituted on the 23rd day of September, 1938, will be subject to an assessment for work performed in accordance with said Resolution of Intention; and

WHEREAS, other sewers and appurtenances may or will be constructed in said district through other special assessment proceedings upon property specially benefited thereby; and

WHEREAS, other lands may be annexed to said Sanitary District, which annexed lands probably will desire to connect with the public sewers of said district, and thereby utilize the pipes, treatment plant and facilities constructed through said Resolution of Intention No. 69, and if so connected will receive the advantages of such pipes, treatment plant and facilities without contribution to the cost thereof; and

WHEREAS, lands within said district as it is now or may be hereafter constituted may desire to connect with such other sewers that may or will be constructed through special assessment proceedings, but which lands may not have contributed to the cost thereof; and

WHEREAS, it is only just and equitable to the owners of property situated within the assessment district described in said Resolution of Intention No. 69, or within other assessment districts which may be or will be described in proceedings for the construction of other sewers or sewage facilities within said Sanitary District through special assessments, that all non-contributing property should make contribution towards the cost of any such sewers, treatment plant, or facilities as a condition of making connection thereto or of utilizing the same.

THEREFORE, the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District do ordain as follows:

Section 1. That no property which may hereafter be annexed to said Sanitary District or become a part thereof shall connect with or be permitted to connect with or to the pipes, treatment plant and facilities described in that certain Resolution of Intention passed by the Sanitary Board of said Carmel Sanitary District on September 23, 1938, or to utilize the same in any manner or be benefited thereby, without first having applied in writing to said Board for a permit to make such connection and without having been granted such permit. Such application shall be signed by the owners thereof, or by someone having written authority so to sign and shall accurately describe the property so to be connected, and accurately give the area of such property and be accompanied by a payment of the sum of Fifteen Dollars for each building site consisting of one lot as such lot appears upon subdivision maps now on file with the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, and for any area in excess thereof, an additional sum proportionate to the excess area which it is sought to have so connected.

Section 2. That no lands or property within said district as it is now or may be hereafter constituted which have not contributed to the cost of or been assessed for, shall connect with or be permitted to connect with or to any other sewers in said district that may or will be constructed through special assessment proceedings, or to utilize the same in any manner or be benefited thereby, without first having applied in writing to said Board for a permit to make such connection, and without hav-

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

100 FT. LOT—One of the finest building lots in Carmel Woods. In fine location, close to attractive new homes. No crowding of houses possible with lots so large—very sunny—trees all around. Price of \$850.00 is very low for a building site so well situated. \$16.00 per month will pay for it after a cash down payment. An FHA Construction Loan can be secured for a new home. All utilities including sewer connection are there. Compare the value. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER.** (2)

LOTS \$1100—In La Loma Terrace we have 4 good lots 40 x 100 ft. each. Can be sold separately at \$300 per lot or \$1100 for the 4 lots together. These lots are close to Pico St. in fine section. They are bargains. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66.** (2)

\$650 LOT—65 ft. frontage, with beautiful Pine Trees, in best section of Carmel Woods. New modern homes all around. Where can you find a desirable building lot in Carmel in a restricted residential section for \$650? FHA Loans available. All utilities there. Monthly terms as low as \$12.00 per month will pay for it. See this lot before you buy. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER.** (2)

HIGHLANDS BARGAIN—We have just been given a fine property for sale in beautiful Carmel Highlands—to be sold at a real bargain price. Approx. 1 1/4 acres with a good stucco home with 3 bedrooms and sleeping porch. Marvelous view of water. Beautiful trees. Fine location near Peter Pan Lodge. Land alone worth the price we can sell the whole property for. Any reasonable offer will be considered, and terms can be arranged for part of it, or a smaller cottage will be considered in trade. An opportunity to get a very valuable property in the Highlands at a bargain—See **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66.** (2)

REAL ESTATE FOR TRADE

WILL EXCHANGE \$7200 first trust deed on Orchard property in Santa Clara Valley for Carmel house. Address L-44, Cymbal office. (3)

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR LEASE. Beautifully Furnished Three Bedroom Log House, \$50 per month. **BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at 8th. Tel. 303.** (2)

ATTRACTIVE SMALL HOUSE in the pines overlooking the sea. One bedroom, living room, bath, kitchen and garage. Also separate studio. Phone 970-J. (3)

BIGGEST BARGAIN in Carmel. Why go out in the suburbs when you can buy a choice, central, sheltered, sunny corner with trees near beach at half price? Must be sold. Address L-45, Cymbal office. (2)

ROOMS FOR RENT

LARGE SUNNY double or single bedroom 3 min. walk from beach. N. E. cor. Casanova and 13th. Tel. Carmel 94-W. (tf)

\$12 A MONTH—Light, airy room over garage. Two blocks from the business center. Suitable for single man or woman. See Court Arne, Paul's Barber Shop. (tf)

ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (tf)

FOR SALE

ANTIQUES

ANTIQUE LOUNGE. Solid walnut. 1103 Main St., Watsonville. (3)

Household Goods

YOU NOW HAVE an unusual opportunity to buy fine used home furnishings for fractional part of their value. Mrs. E. P. Young, telephone Carmel 534. (4)

JOBS WANTED

REFINED CHRISTIAN LADY, middle age, would like to be companion to lady. Prefers one who travels. Best of references. Write B. E. Weeks, 2426 San Jose Ave., Alameda, Calif. (tf)

WHAT-DO-YOU-WANT-DONE Bureau offers the most versatile service conceived by man. You name it, we do it. Anything. Furniture refinished, odd jobs done, satisfaction guaranteed at prices even you can afford. P. O. Box 1372. (4)

INFORMATION WANTED

\$50.00 REWARD for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons found guilty of damaging the gate or locks on same at the entrance to the San Clemente Dam properties. California Water & Telephone Co. Del Monte Properties Company (tf)

LOST AND FOUND

LOST. BLACK ALLIGATOR-SKIN brief case. No monogram. Containing personal papers. Reward. R.M. Genius, La Playa Hotel, or return to Cymbal Office. (2)

BROWN BULL DOG, female, 25 lb., named "Frisky," lost near Point Lobos 2 weeks ago. Tel. Carmel 873 or write Box 913. (2)

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CARMEL

"Tortilla Flat" Party Plan of Del Monte

The days of Danny and his old Monterey paisanos will come to life again a week from this Friday night when a "Tortilla Flat" party and dinner dance is staged at Hotel Del Monte.

The Bali Room at Del Monte will be turned into a Tortilla Flat street and Danny's tumble-down shack will decorate the entrance. Typical paisano entertainment, including many old timers, will be on hand for the event.

In order to make the party as authentic as possible, Del Monte has hired artists Bruce Ariss and Gus Gay to have charge of decorating and designing the backgrounds and murals which will be used in the Bali Room. And Ariss, a close friend of John Steinbeck who wrote "Tortilla Flat," is certain to get a great deal of old Monterey atmosphere into it.

Costumes are in order for the party, though the Del Monte management has pointed out that the costumes should in reality be nothing more than jeans and gingham, or any old attire that is typical of the "Tortilla Flat" days.

+ + +

Madame Ehlers In Bronte Film

It must be of interest to many here in Carmel that "Wuthering Heights," in which Madame Alice Ehlers, our harpsichordist, takes a part, will be shown at the Carmel Theatre beginning Sunday, July 23. The picture, of course, is Emily Bronte's strange moving romance, tender and fierce as her native moors and a great fine material for the movies.

The photograph of Madame Ehlers in this issue of THE CYMBAL shows her in the costume which she wore in the film and at her own instrument which was made for her in France, and of which Unigli says it is a great and beautiful piece of craftsmanship.

The picture will run Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 23, 24 and 25.

+ + +

OLSON'S SIGNATURE LEGALIZES SIRENS AND RED LIGHTS

Governor Culbert Olson had put his name on it, so it's all right now for Carmel's police to dash around with red lights and sirens and everything. The bill, recently passed by the legislature, legalizes the use of such equipment on privately-owned police cars when they are being used in official business. Berkeley tried to get this through the state legislative body, but couldn't make it. When the situation in Carmel was brought to light by the recent speeding trial of Mrs. Kathryn Bolin, the law went through. Funny, eh?

+ + +

ROSS MILLERS WILL BE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE IN BAKERSFIELD

The Ross Millers are leaving Carmel. They plan to return to Bakersfield, whence they came six years ago, and to become part owners of the Kern Herald, a semi-weekly which will be changed to a morning newspaper. The Millers, Paul Newell, present owner of The Herald, and Edward Benson, former general manager of the Bakersfield Californian will be partners in the project. The Millers owned a half interest in the Carmel Pine Cone until a year ago when they sold out to James and Ronald Cockburn.

The Hardys Will Be "Riding High" at The Carmel Theatre This Sunday



Lewis Stone and Cecilia Parker in "The Hardys Ride High"

"The Hardys Ride High," sixth of the beloved Hardy family series, will be at the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 16, 17 and 18.

Lewis Stone continues as Judge Hardy, with Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford, Sara Haden and Don Castle. New faces appear in the large supporting cast, including Virginia Grey, Minor Watson, John King, John T. Murray, Halliwell Hobbes, George Irving, Aileen Pringle and Marsha Hunt. The director was George B. Seitz, who has occupied that post in all of the series.

This time you'll see the Hardy family in the most magnificent setting yet. The family fly to Detroit to take over a millionaire's establishment that they have supposedly fallen heir to. Their new wealth brings in its wake many adventures and amusing situations. They even—

+ + +

Of the 69 automobile manufacturing firms in operation in 1910, only eight remain in the industry today.

+ + +

Ready-for-mailing Copies of Cymbal's Bach Festival Edition Will Be on Sale Today and Tomorrow in front of the Post Office.

Why Not
Breakfast in the Sunshine
On The Banks Of The

BIG SUR RIVER

Virginia Baked Ham Dinners
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Best Wishes

to the

BACH FESTIVAL

M. J. Murphy, Inc.

"Everything to Build
a Home"

tually return to Carvel, wiser and none the worse for it all.

Added to this Sunday, Monday and Tuesday program is "Dream of

Love," claimed to be one of the most delightful shorts ever produced. It is an incident in the life of Franz Liszt.



Distinctive Jewelry Made to Order

From Persia, Egypt, Syria, China and the Continent we have brought Treasures in Jewelry, Amber, Ivory, Porcelain and Novelties

WE WELCOME YOUR INSPECTION

MERLE'S TREASURE CHEST

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The Village for
Years and
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